The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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TO

WORDSWORTH.

High Priest of Nature, Potentate of Art,
Thinker serene, from ostentation freed
And intellectual glitter, oft confused
With genius: from the round of spite and hate
Thou hast survived: the critic's sneer
No longer hurts thee: thy simplicity
Is now thy loudest trumpet: for the heart,
That acts conjointly with the intellect,
(And intellect reflexly on the heart,)
Doth raise the spirit to such perfect heights
As thy pure verse attests: I love thy moods,
Thy solitude—thy quiet aloofness and
Thy mental converse with the Natural,
Which led thee on to supernatural sense—
And to the God in Whom thou now hast rest.

HERBERT PORTER.

THE MODERN INDIAN GIRL.

IN the last number of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, there was an article, comparing Sita, the heroine of the *Ramayana*, with Droupadi, the heroine of the *Mahabharata*, much to the detriment of the latter. Sita was said to be all that was ideal and true to womanhood; while Droupadi was said to be an ideal only in some ways; and rather undesirable in others. Now, it is not for me to question this decision, as different types appeal in various ways to different people; but, from my point of view, I can, I think, affirm that Droupadi was not in any way so adverse to the Indian type of womanhood as represented; the only point being that she was rather of the advanced variety, whereas Sita was a bit old-fashioned. What I personally like would be to take the character of Sita as the basis of modern Indian womanhood, and enlarge onwards on the lines of Droupadi. Sita was without doubt a sweet woman, a companionable creature, a beautiful comrade, a loving

and obedient wife. But we do not wish our Indian women to be merely wives or even mothers. We want them to be wider types, though of course the term 'mother' can be made to include the widest type of womanliness in Nature. But, since it is not quite so recongnised in modern times, it is just as well to be precise about terms, and to say that there is no harm, and nothing undesirable in a woman, if she, wishing to be more than a mere wife, tries to take part in the outer affairs of society, country and state. Why not? Why should not Droupadi have taken part in the political counsels of her husbands? Why should she not have been the friendly confidante of Sri Krishna? Why should she not have taken exception to the bitter and humiliatiog insults hurled upon her, she the daughter of a king and the wife of kings? She had a sturdiness of nature and a strength of character, which would not allow her to sit silently in a corner like the meek Griselda of old, or even the patient Sita. She was indeed a *Sakti*, a stand-by to her husbands, an adviser and counsellor to her friends, and a danger to her enemies, a woman well-deserving the status of a statesman and a reigning sovereign. Moveover she did not neglect the more domestic and truer side of womanhood. She looked well after her home, her husbands, her children, her guests. She was indeed an ideal house-wife. Nor was she unpossessed of the gentler virtues of a woman; for, when need arose, she was able to show just as much mercy as any other woman, and to forego the just revenge for the deadliest wrong ever done to any one, viz, the cowardly and dastardly murder in cold blood of her children.

Droupadi of course had faults. She was inclined to be a little too proud of her position as the wife of great heroes, a little too arrogant of her title as Queen, a little too conceited of her virtues and strength of character, and so a little too inclined to presume and intrude. She, therefore, was not quite that type, perhaps, which is so justly beloved of mankind.

But again contend that she is not to be despised as a bad type of womanhood. I wonder, if after all our educated Indian woman will ever make herself a type desired and beloved by Indian mankind. I think not. Our Indians, as a whole, prefer meek Griseldas and patient Sitas, not disobedient Godivas, or masterful Droupadis I recently came across an article in the *Scholar* which affirmed somewhat the same thought: "There is already a doubt, that we have been evolving during the last fifty years and more a type of woman, somewhat different from what we have been accustomed to, more fragile, more conventional, and more inclined to assert herself along certain lines. A few unsympathetic members of her own tribe and some men have called her a Fancy product, on the plea that the education that she has been receiving has not been of much use to her in her capacity of a wife and mother. As is well-known, educa-

tion for a girl in the earlier days was held out as an argument for a higher price in the market of matrimony. The idea is not yet extinct that a girl who has gone through the school or college grind, and especially if she has procured some alphabetical appendages, as a flourish after her name, is pre-eminently suited to be wooed and wedded, and kept for domestic purposes at home. In what way, an academical training of the kind that they procure, fits them to become 'queens' in their 'homes' is not yet clear. If costlv habits, an unsocial sociableness, an utter ignorance of the duties of motherhood, depraved health, and a tendency to hysterical manifestations, be claims for the responsible post, most of them certainly have these qualities in a marked degree. If, on the other hand, a sturdy common-sense, and some tactfulness to manage affairs at home be the criterion, we have either to trust to innate native characteristics, uneffaced by education, or some new revelation to make them fit to sit on domestic thrones.

"With few exceptions, the incubated college girl is found wanting in the qualities that make for domestic felicity or elegance, when she grows into the dimensions of a woman. Neither Shakesperean philosophy nor the non-detailed texts have been known to teach her how to endure the tooth-ache patiently. In other words, her functions as a woman, are not at all lightened, nor facilitated by school or college training. So that, unless she makes up her mind to devote her life's activites to the pursuit of some profession, in which sex does not get a chance to thrust itself too much on her notice, she would make a very indifferent fiigure."

Now I beg strongly to disagree with some of the deductions given above. The modern type of college girlhood is not altogether a 'fancy product'; though I do admit that her education is not all that is suited to a vife and mother. But, as I said before, wifehood and motherhood are not the be-all and end-all of a woman's life, a good portion of it perhaps, but certainly not the whole. Therefore, leaving aside the fact that many college girls can make fine wives and mothers, they need not worry about the fact that there are many of their kind being left 'unwanted' in the marriage market.

Then, surely costly habits are not a necessary appendage of college education. Surely, an educated girl will be more efficient in her habits, more methodical in her ways and therefore more able to economise than other girls. In this way, she will be able to balance the expense of the extra necessities, wanted by education. Growth means enlargement of the mind. If education means growth, it must widen our natures, and must of necessity induce us to lead wider lives, which of course mean more expense to the poor undefended man, the wage-earner. But, what harm is there in that? Is not man an expensive creature, and growing more ex-

pensive every day? Is not civilization costly? Why grudge poor woman then a trifle extra expense, call it luxury if you will, and force her to be the only 'good' creature in humanity? And, as I said before, the increased efficiency of education will balance the increased costliness.

There is a danger, of course, that an educated girl will want more than what she can afford. But the truly educated girl can easily learn "to cut her coat according to her cloth". The crux of the situation as a matter of fact lies in the word 'education'. Our girls, as many people affirm, are not getting the correct education. I admit it. But I wish someone would suggest better methods. And let us not forget that education of any sort means a training and a discipline, an enlargement, a deepening, which not merely enhances, but in some case also creates, study common-sense, and true tactfulness. Then again, our critic affirms that college education does not teach the girl to endure a toothache patiently; and he takes that as the acme of the functions of a woman. What, just mere endurance? I wonder. And endurance of what? Of what a man ordains? Again I presume he means that the girl should endure patiently, only when she cannot cure. Or, does he wish no cure to be tried, lest it should entail trouble and vexation and in convenience?

I agree that it would "certainly be an act of grace if the men could engage them in other capacities and thus enable them to find an outlet for the residual energy after the educational course." This is indeed what is required.

The man asks: "Is this mechanical, stereotyped, automaton going to conduct itself like a machine, till its parts get worn out, to be no longer serviceable? Or have we to calculate on the possibility of her nature being too strong for the materials of her construction? The question is, have we to discover a new code of morality for them, or will they find one for themselves, when they wax in numbers and in independence? For, as we all know, women in Europe have had to go through some such phase, in their social adjustment; and, as our women go through about the same kind of training, under the same notion of culture and civilization, it may not be very strange if we expect similar results, as a consequence of similar methods of practice. Such an eventuality may be distant enough, but surely quite within the region of possibility and one to be reckoned with."

Let me assure him that what the woman wants is not a new code of morality for herself but for the man, or rather she desires an equal code for herself and the man. Why should he have more moral privileges than herself? This is an age-old discussion of an old quarrel, and yet the latter has never been quite set right.

Mrs. Rhenius, wife of Mr. S. T. Rhenius, Commissioner of Police, Puducotta, who has been appointed as a Member of the Puducotta State Legislative Council. She is the first and only lady Member in the Council.

Photo :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Shrimati Kala Devi, who has been elected President of the Kayastha Mahila Sabha, Allahabad. She is also the President of the Stri Arya Samaj, Allahabad, Vice-President of Widows Home, Allahabad; Member of the Managing Body of Adarsha Arya Kanya Pathshala, Allahabad. She has recently donated Rs. 1000/- to the D. A. V. High School, Allahabad.

Photo R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

The education of woman certainly cannot be stopped, just because in the first place men are unwilling to marry her; and in the second, because some of the educated ones may turn out to be undesirable products. Let the men beware that they are not misunderstood, when they try to ridicule the advance of womanhood. As a matter of fact, it will not be difficult to put down their unwillingness to marry educated girls as a confession of weakness. They are afraid, some say, of not being able to cope with the keen wits of their educated wives. They are afraid of being put in the background by those, whom they have long been accustomed to treat as mere appendages outside their homes.

The pity of it is that such an attitude on the part of the man emphasises the antagonism already fermented. What our women should do would be to make men see the error of their ways by the sweet reasonableness of their own; by not giving room to complete animosity and unbecoming arguments between the sexes; by not letting the claims of their education submerge their domestic lives as daughters and sisters, wives and mothers; by not being too forward or presumptuous or arrogant; by not aping too much the 'manliness' of man; and by eschewing the flightiness, the self-opiniatedness and the selfishness which *sometimes* obtain in Western educated womanhood. If they learn to be Droupadis, as well as Sitas; and if they remember to be Sitas, even while aspiring to be Droupadis, all will be well.

KAMALA.

CONVENTION VERSUS KINDLINESS

(From the story of Jane Eyre by charlotte Bronte)

Should you ask me whence this story,
Of a man of faith and glory,
I should answer, I should tell—
From the story told so well
By a Bronte sister's pen
Of the orphan child called Jane.

It was in the breakfast room of Gateshead Hall, the residence of a rich widow whose husband was a Magistrate and had died nine years before, that the Revered Brocklehurst was summoned by Mrs. Reed to take charge of Jane Eyre, her niece and an orphan girl, ten years old. Jane was the daughter of the Magistrate's sister who, for having married a clergyman beneath her rank, had been cut off without a shilling by her father. Having lost her father and mother, while yet an infant, Jane roused the compassion of her uncle who took her over to Gateshead and nursed her and

looked after her, as if she had been his own child, indeed more than he noticed his own children. But unfortunately, Mr. Reed took ill and died soon after. On his death-bed he extorted a promise from his wife that she should bring up Jane as one of her own children. Mrs. Reed kept her promise by making the poor child feel from morn to noon and from noon to night that she was a dependant in the house and that she ought not to eat the food which her children ate and wear the same clothes as they wore. Jane was daily subjected to nagging and worry by her aunt and nieces. One day, matters came to a head by the only son of Mrs. Reed, an arrogant and wicked boy, striking Jane and pulling her hair. Jane's frantic efforts to free herself from the boy's cruel grasp were construed by her aunt as furious attacks on Master John. She confined Jane immediately in a dark and solitary room. The imprisonment upset the child's nerves considerably and led to a serious illness. The doctor, who used to attend on Mrs. Reed's servants, when they were ill, was sent for; and he, deeming a change of scene necessary, seriously suggested to Mrs. Reed that Jane should be sent to school. Mrs. Reed accepted the suggestion and three months later, called in the Reverend Brocklehurst and gave Jane over to his charge

The Reverend Brocklehurst was the treasurer and manager of of a charity school at Lowood about fifty miles from the Gateshead Hall. The school, which bore the name of Lowood Institution, was run for the education of girls who had lost either of their parents or both. It was situated in a forest dell which was 'the cradle of fog and fog-bred pestilence.' Fifteen pounds a year were charged for each girl, payable either by the girls themselves or by their friends. But, as the Institution had to maintain about eighty girls, the fees charged were not sufficient to cover the cost of boarding and teaching, and the deficiency had to be made up by subscriptions from the benevolently-minded ladies and gentlemen living in the neighbourhood and in London. Introducing Jane to Brocklehurst, Mrs. Reed observed that her wish was that the child should be brought up in a manner suiting her poor prospects, made useful and kept humble. Further, she should spend the vacation always at Lowood and should not be sent to Gateshead. "Your decisions are perfectly judicious, madam," said Mr. Brocklehurst, "Humility is a Christian grace and one peculiarly appropriate to the pupils of Lowood. I therefore direct that especial care shall be bestowed on its cultivation among them. I have studied how best to mortify in them the worldly sentiment of pride, and only the other day I had a pleasing proof of my success." The proof was in his daughter Augusta visiting the school one day with his mother and reporting to him on her return that the pupils appeared almost like poor people's children, and looked at her dress and her manners as if they had never seen

silk gowns before! Mrs. Reed congratulated him and said that an Institution more exactly fitting a poor child like Jane Eyre could scarcely be found, had she sought for it all over England. In the course of his talk with Mrs. Reed, Mr. Brocklehurst made a remarkable observation for the benefit of Jane. It was that he had a little boy younger than Jane, who knew six psalms by heart and who, when asked to choose between a verse of a psalm to memorise or a ginger-bread nut to eat, preferred learning the verse, because angels sang psalms and he would be a little angel on earth. His choice did not go unrewarded, for in the end he got two nuts instead of one for his piety.

Arriving at Lowood, Jane found a tall, fair and shapely woman ordering the affairs of the school with a stately air and carriage, as if the whole house belonged to her. But she soon learned that Miss Temple, which was the lady's name, was only a Superintendent answerable for everything that she did to Mr Brocklehurst who lived in a large hall two miles off. The very food and clothing of the pupils were bought by Mr. Brocklehurst and Miss Temple had to render to him a strict account of their disposal. The day after Jane's arrival, smoked basins of something hot with an uninviting smell were placed on two long tables for breakfast. The porridge had been burnt again. It was positively disgusting even to ravenous appetites and the pupils rose from breakfast without having breakfasted. The 'shameful and abominable' stuff angered Miss Temple and she ordered that at noon a lunch of bread and cheese be served to compensate for the loss of breakfast. The teachers looked at her with surprise; for, under the regulations, Mr. Brocklehurst's permission should have been obtained for the lunch. But Miss Temple left them remarking: "It is to be done on my responsibility."

Three weeks passed. One afternoon, a tall man, who looked like a marble pillar, with large and harsh features, strode in. He was no other than the gentleman, who had announced the infantile piety of his little John in Gateshead Hall. Mr. Brocklehurst had come to inspect the school, and to Jane he now looked longer, narrower and more rigid than ever. He objected to some of the girls having two clean tuckers in the week, while the rules limited them to one The genial Superintendent offered an explanation for it, which was accepted with a warning that it should not happen again. There was another thing, for which Miss Temple had to give an explanation. From the accounts of the housekeeper, "a woman after Mr. Brocklehurst's own heart, made up of equal parts of whalebone and iron", Mr. Brocklehurst had found that a lunch consisting of bread and cheese had been served, while the regulations made no room for such a meal as lunch. "I must be responsible for the circumstances, Sir," replied Miss Temple, "the

breakfast was so ill-prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it; and I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner time." Miss Temple's reply was amazing to Mr. Brocklehurst. He burst out, "Madam, allow me an instant. You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient and self-denying." He was inclined to think that she should not have replaced the spoiled meal by something delicate. She should, on the other hand, have delivered an address to them referring to the sufferings of the blessed Lord and His followers, and pointed out that their starvation was nothing in comparison with those sufferings. Mr. Brocklehurst ended by saying, "Oh, Madam, when you put your bread and cheese instead of burnt porridge into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls."

Mr. Brocklehurst then cast a majestic survey around. To his horror, he espied a girl with curled hair. An evangelical charitable establishment ought not to permit a girl's hair to be curled. How would Miss Temple justify this open conformation to the world, in defiance of all precepts and principles of the institution? "Julia's hair curls naturally", said Miss. Temple with quietness. Mr. Brocklehurst was not satisfied. Nature must yield to grace and so, he would send a barber the next day to cut off the hair entirely. There were also other girls, he observed, whose top-knots should be cut off. It was in vain for Miss Temple to protest, for Mr. Brocklehurst had a Master to serve whose kingdom was not of this world and his mission was to teach the girls to be sober in their apparel and not give themselves up to vanity. He would have gone on, but three ladies appeared on the scene now. They were his wife and his two daughters and were "splendidly attired in velvet, silk and furs." They too had to reprove Miss Smith for her laxity in the inspection of dormitories and linen.

The path to heaven laid out by the Revered Brocklehurst for the orphan children of the Lowood Institution was paved with cloths not sufficient to protect them from cold, and with food not enough to keep them from starvation. There was perpetual famine and whenever an opportunity happened, the older of the famished robbed the younger of even the little they had. There was no end to prayers and readings from the Bible. But they gave as much comfort to the pupils, as the Parson's prayer for plenty and grace gave to the starving widow who was in need of potatoes.

Hardly had Jane been six months in Lowood, than a violent typhus fever broke out and converted the Institution from a seminary into a hospital. Classes were broken up, and girls, as many as could be, were sent home only to die. Some died in the school

itself and were quickly buried. Mr. Brocklehurst and his family carefully kept themselves away to avoid infection. They were anxious to put off their departure to heaven, as their services were needed on earth.

Well, the typhus fever disappeared at last, but not without having roused the indignation of the public. Enquiries into the cause of the fever resulted in the complete mortification of the Reverend Brocklehurst. "Several wealthy and benevolent individuals in the county subscribed largely for the erection of a more convenient building in a better situation; new regulations were made; improvements in diet and clothing were introduced; the funds of the school were entrusted to the management of a Committee." But what became of Mr. Brocklehurst? He and his father had been wise enough to believe that treasures laid upon earth were not always corrupted by moth and rust, and that with sufficient care thieves could be prevented from breaking through and stealing. He had so much of those treasures that he could not but be treated with deference. The committee appointed to manage the improved school, took into account his wealth and family connections and permitted him to retain the post of treasurer!

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

ETHICS OF FELLOWSHIP.

HUMAN nature is international and governed by equal laws in all places. There are no distinctions of East and West in human nature. The regional differences of colour, culture or civilization belong to the surface, but the identity of the heart has been fixed for all time. Enjoyment and suffering, dream and desire, are common to mankind. The ultimate facts of human nature function independently of the changing environment of places, and good men and women are greater than their native countries. Fellowship, therefore, is an article in nature's code, and every face bears witness to its kinship with all humanity. Those who seek to cultivate this identity sail in nature's own ark. International fellowship stands for this true account of human nature, and must seek to render it in living terms of thought and conduct.

It will, however, be unwise to overlook the difficulties that clog the wheels of human nature striving to realize itself. Men and women have been long accustomed to artificial trappings. Our consciences are heavily encumbered by alien matter. Conventions and traditions oppose the natural inclinations of feeling. Ignorance and superstition are in the way. Incomplete knowledge indulges in reactionary antics and erects needless barriers. The human heart is sadly suppressed by stupid cloaks, and fellowship will have some sharp squalls to weather.

Progress will be difficult, unless the pioneers and leaders of fellowship have a true understanding of how successive traditions and civilizations have helped to smother the still small voices and the loud great cries of mankind. It is not necessary to disown the benefits they have rendered to realize the narrow horizons they have encouraged. Mankind has today become too large for the old interplay of intemperate egotisms, class-feelings, parochialisms, and any of those snug variations of save-your-own-soul-isms that used to dazzle heart and eye not so very long ago. Democracy has carried rights to the common people. Science has slowly undermined the pragmatic postulates of unquestioning faith, and humanity has become small and insignificant before the dreaming illimitable expanse of the Universe. Matter, energy and space are rapidly shedding their old distinctions and becoming the indistinguishable manifestation of a great thought, and even life and non-life are eager to come together and assert their identity. The old aristocratic embellishments of mankind have fallen to pieces under the new revelations of advancing knowledge, and foolish it will be for men and women to think all the world of themselves and quarrel and fight with one another in fulfilment of their petty vanities. How foolish it will be for nations to plunge into battle and destruction when ultimate realities cry out hourly that they are one and the same people, members of the same indivisible family. Intelligence is the supreme glory of mankind, but there is hidden fire in its veins and life is full of inflammable emotions. There is need of tranquil forces, soft and mellow influences, gentle persuasions and mild reasonings, to keep human conduct from betraying its nature and destiny, and it is the solemn duty of understanding spirits to band themselves together and answer this need. It may not be possible for a local fellowship group to cast its curative activities on the differences that trouble human affairs everywhere, but we cannot measure the range of a good motive or the length of a helpful thought, and there is so much to do for the sake of peace and union in every place. Never was a good idea born but some benefit accrued from it; and a fellowship of souls, elevated by their own humanity and insignificance and abandoned as often as possible to the extinguishment of the irritations, excitements and differences in society, is a great and good idea. It will depend upon the incorruptibility of each member composing fellowship unions whether the idea expands and acquires solid testimony or not.

Let us seek fellowship as we would seek God, not knowing Him, but striving every hour of our lives to know Him, fully assuring ourselves that the quest is great, although God be not known.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

BOMBAY PRESIDENCY WOMEN'S COUNCIL.

GENERAL REPORT 1930.

THE year under review, 1930, has been one of great anxiety and trouble to us all in Bombay. It has been notable for the great intensity of political feeling and activities. We have been fortunate in having been able to hold the Council together. Our membership has increased and now we have on our rolls 560 members, which I think gives us reasonable grounds for thinking that the Council's work is generally appreciated, and that we shall be able to extend and expand its work.

I have however regretfully to announce that the wish expressed by our Chairman, Miss Gedge, last year to open a Branch of the Women's Council in Karachi has not fructified—as we did not even attempt under the present political atmosphere to start one there.

I must mention with gratitude and satisfaction the passing of the "Bill further to amend the Bombay Prevention of Prostitution Act 1923" in the Bombay Legislative Council, for which a deputation led by our President, Lady Tata, had waited on H. E. the Governor last year. The Hon. the Home Member, Sir Earnest Hotson, is to be heartily congratulated for piloting the bill so ably through the Council—it was expected there would be much opposition and there was practically none at all. We are thankful for a much-needed though belated reform.

In connection with the passing of the bill, Government enquired of us as to how many women released from the brothels could be accommodated in the Bombay Presidency Women's Council's Rescue Home, and I am proud to say that the Rescue Home under the fostering and watchful care of its Chairman, Mrs. F. S. Talyarkhan, was able to say at once that we could look after 100 women, provided Government paid for their maintenance.

Members will recollect that sometime ago it was decided to give annually to the Rescue Home, for three years, interest on Rs. 10,000, to enable the Home to tide over a difficult financial period. This sum amounting to about Rs. 500 a year has been regularly paid—the last instalment being given during this year.

Perhaps the most important work done by the Council during this year was the revision of the Constitution—this had gone out of date and for a long time there was a feeling that it must be revised. At a committee meeting held in March, a Revision sub-committee was appointed with Mrs. John McKenzie as convener. Five ex-officio members and five other members from the Man-

agement Committee were appointed with powers to add to their numbers. This sub-committee held 8 very long meetings and under the able guidance of Mrs. McKenzie has evolved a constitution. Of course it is not suggested that it is perfect—but it is good enough to be tried and we can, always, add and change as we find out its defects and short-comings in practical working. I must here record the Council's grateful thanks to Mrs. McKenzie and the members of her sub-committee and the Hon Secretary for all the trouble they have taken in this connection, and to Miss Engineer for lending us her office at the Seva Sadan for holding our meetings, which was a real help to us.

A special meeting of the Management Committee was summoned in September, when the revised rules as drafted by the Revision Sub-committee were placed before the members and were approved of by them with some slight alterations. After this the rules were printed and circulated to all the 560 members, and a special General Meeting was held in the main hall of the Town Hall. With one amendment the Constitution was passed unanimously by the members present, and came into effect on the 18th November 1930. A resolution was moved from the Chair, appreciating the work of Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Vakil and the sub-committee, and was carried with acclamation.

An item of interest is the transfer to Bombay for the next two years of the Committee of the National Council of Women in India, of which Lady Tata is the Chairman.

We have held "At Homes" nearly every nonth, and we must thank heartily our Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. Camar Tyabji and Mrs. M. B. Madgavkar, who were responsible for the Management of these "At Homes." Our Council tenders its grateful thanks to all our various hostesses—we have from 5 to 8 hostesses at each of the At Homes—and hopes that in future the hostesses will themselves organise the At Homes with the help and co-operation of the Secretary and the other officers, and the Chairman will not be called upon to take any part in the proceedings whatever —excepting of course as one of the guests! In this way, I think that personal contact will be established between the hostesses and their guests, which is always so essential for the success of an At Home.

The At Homes have all been very well attended. I must make special mention of the one held in March in the big hall to receive H. E, Lady Sykes. On this occasion Lady Tata very kindly read a paper, that she had read on "Social Service in India" at a meeeting in London in June 1929.

Another interesting At Home was held at the invitation of the Rescue Home Sub-Committee in the grounds of the Home at

Umerkhadi to give an opportunity to our members to see for themselves the new quarters of the Rescue Home. The place is now unrecognisable, the neat house, and the clean nice grounds, with the fine old trees; I cannot resist saying how grateful we must be to Mrs. Talyarkhan and her Committee, and the two Miss Zaviers for looking after the Home so well.

Another well attended and novel At Home was at Matunga—at the invitation of the Salvation Army to see their Home. It was a very pleasant surprise for us to find so many of our members come all the way to visit this extremely well-looked-after Home. We were given an opportunity to see some fine drawn-thread and other useful work made by the inmates of the Home, and to see them drilling and singing—it was indeed a pleasant sight to see the small and big girls so clean and neat with shining bright and happy faces, and to meet the members of the Salvation Army doing their selfless work with so much zest.

Once again, our President, Lady Tata, was able to represent our Council and the National Council. at the International Council of Women in Vienna this year, and we heartily welcome her back to her own home.

I close with the hope that Indian women will be able to contribute in increasing measure to the culture, the ideals, and the activities of our country.

SALIMA FAIZ B. TYABJI,
Chaiwoan.

THE VELICHAPADU

(A CHARACTER SKETCH.)

THE *Velichapadu* is an attractive figure in the temples of Kerala. He might almost be called an institution, for he is immemorial, and, although the individual often dies, the office never stops, and the gentle figure with its eyes roaming in the remote past is part and parcel of temple-worship in Malabar.

The *Velichapadu* is the interpreter of the deity. He lives under the walls of the temple and lives a simple life, ignorant of want and oblivious of desire. The office descends from father to son, or in default of him, to the next nearest relation, and there are *Velichapadu* houses in Kerala thousand of years old, still retaining uncorrupted the idyllic character of pristine days. They have hardly heard of the passage of time or of the progress of mankind. The *Velichapadu* disdains to open his eyes and unsettle his mind.

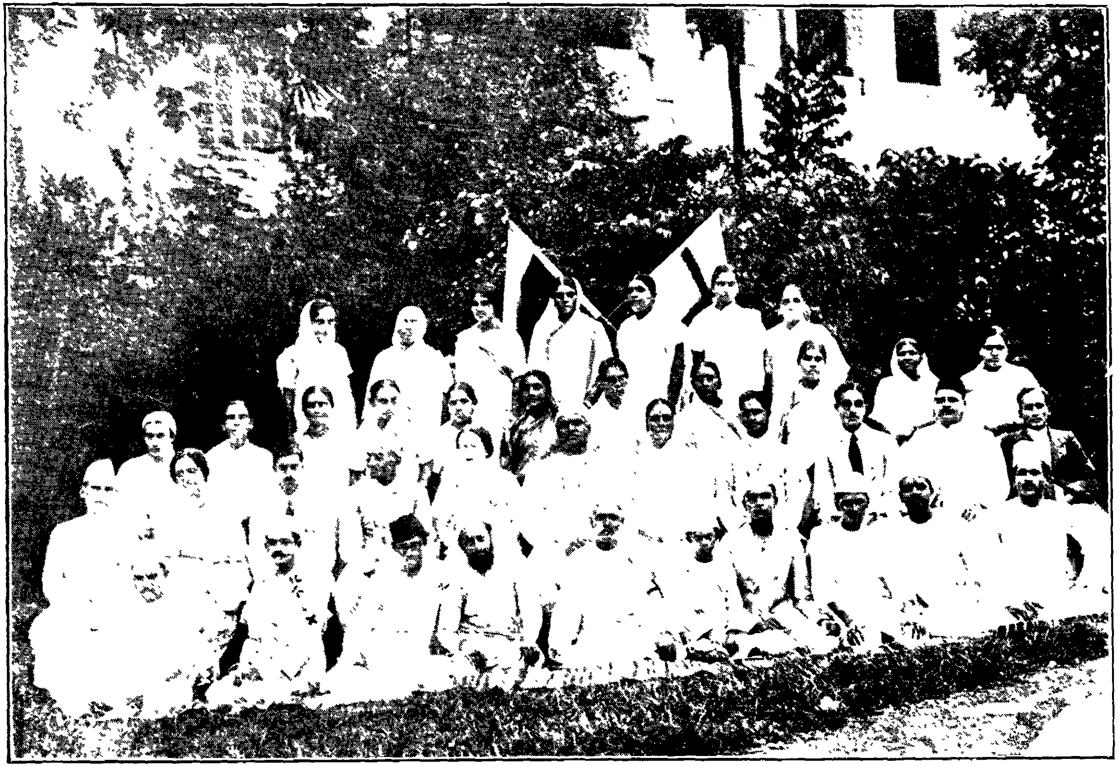
That is because his office is enough for him, and he is also proud because his office is to supply the only expressive link between the temple God and his worshippers. He expounds the

mind of the deity by going into little trances and putting forth inspired utterances. When the worshippers want to consult the deity on any matter, the *Velichapadu* performs a short prayer and ceremony, which is the proper procedure for the invocation of the trance. It is a simple gentle act of faith. First, he immerses himself in the temple-tank for the sake of freedom from impurities. He then proceeds to the temple in a humble and elevated mood and fixes his mind devotionally on the diety. He holds his shimmering sickle-like sword perpendicularly against his breast and brow. Before him, the gleaming brass-lamp sustains a tapering flame nodding to the whispering breeze. Standing thus, his mind all absorbed in piety, he recites some sacred stanzas for the entrance of the God into him. Presently, the shining blade begins to quiver on its edge, and the hands and legs of the devotee also begin to tremble. A tremor passes through him, and all at once the *Velichapadu* bursts into inspiration, while the sword swings and dances in ecstasy. The trance is come, and his voice is no longer his own. If the deity happens to be propitiated and in pleasant mood, the Velichapadu's utterances are occasionally lighted up with a smile. Otherwise, there is anger and threatening in the accent and voice. Should the displeasure be serious, the *Velichapadu* smites his head with the sharp instrument and utters words of fear. Sometimes, the face is blackened with blood and passion, but the medium applies no medicine to the bruises except the holy ashes from the temple.

Generally, the *Velichapadu* is required to use his gift of trance only when there is something untoward happening in the village, an obstinate drought, a fearful epidemic, or some serious stroke of illness in an important house. The *Velichapadu* is immune from infection, however virulent the epidemic or disease when he is in trance. It is safe even for others to follow the *Velichapadu* to the scene of pestilence, if only they take care to come away with him. The village pays the utmost attention to the instructions of the *Velichapadu* spoken in these inspired moments, and this unquestioning faith seldom betrays them In the case of sick persons, there is generally little hope, should the *Velichapadu* happen to be unfavourable. The power of belief is wonderful in the remote villages of Malabar.

The *Velichapadu* is a distinctive figure with loud caste-marks and plentiful interlocked tufts. Centuries have sped past h im. He is a shadowy solemn figure with eyes in the distance, dreaming dreams like old men on the brink of an immense void. He has all the appearance of a seer without being a saint, and he is not a saint, only because he has no time for being anything else but a humble extension of his God. His faith is like a rock, and he is not wise because he is not himself, but an ancient idea.

LADY BYRAMJEE JEEJEEBHOY,
who has been made a Justice of the Peace, in Bombay.
Photo:—R. V. Rao, Srirangam.



A group photograph of the Doctors, Nurses and other workers of the Congress free Hospital, Bombay.

Photo.—R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

THE GWALIOR MAHILA HINDI SAHITYA SAMMELAN.

(From our Correspondent)

THE Gwalior Mahila Hindi Sahitya Sammelan is an association of ladies of the Gwalior State for popularising the study of Hindi literature in various ways. Subjects are announced on which essays are written, poems composed and speeches delivered in Hindi. For girls there is a competition in Calligraphy, dictation and recitation. The *Sammelan* meets every year. As many as 1000 ladies and girls take part. The meeting is a unique one and gives to women, indirectly, the opportunity of developing their powers of organisation, management and co-operation, besides the achievement of the main object for which it has been founded.

The first yearly session was held on the 11th & 12th November, 1929, under the Presidentship of Mrs. Laxmi Bai Shitole, the cultured wife of Sardar Maloji Rao Narasingh Rao Sahib Shitole, cousin of H. H. Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior. The Chairwoman was Mrs. K. Haksar, the wife of the well-known statesman, Colonel K. N. Haksar.

The second sitting was held in the Unain Bara Maharaja Kumari Girls' School compound, Kampu Gwalior, on November 23rd and 24th last, under the President-ship of theRani Saheba of Pahargarh. The place was beautifully decorated and every arrangment made for "Purdah" and for the comfort of the members, visitors and competitors. The Chairwoman of the Reception Committee was Mrs. Powar, wife of the Agricultural Member of the Gwalior Government. There were about 600 ladies and girls on the first day, nearly 1000 the next day.

The Sammelan opened with a hymn of praise to God and a welcome song in Hindi sung by the girls of the Maharaja Kumari Girls' High School. The President was then elected, after which the Chairwoman of the Reception Committee delivered her address. Then, the President gave her address. The election of the members of the Subjects Committee followed, after which the various competitors, both ladies and girls, read out their essays for the judges to hear. These being finished, the meeting adjourned with a "Bhajan".

The second day, the "Sammelan" again opened with a hymn of praise, followed by the remaining essays, and by recitations of both prose and verse compiled and composed by the reciters themselves. Next came the following resolutions which were duly seconded and passed :—

(1) A prayer that H. H. Maharaj Jivaji Rao Scindia may long live to reign over us.

(2) A vote of thanks to Lady Shitole for kindly accepting the Presidentship of the Sammelan last year and her generous donations, both last year and this year.

(3) A vote of thanks to the Education Department for its kind help to the Sammelan both last year and this year.

(4) A request to the Education Department to open a Boarding School for the Girls of this State, so as to give them full facility to study here, rather than go elsewhere to prosecute their studies.

5. A request to the Education Department to open Schools for women in each "Mohalla" of the State.

6. A request to the Education Department to take charge of the girls' essays, calligraphy and dictation and Elocution competitions, along with the Boys' competitions at Madhav Jayanti, and thus free the Sammelan to concentrate on women's competitions.

The report of last year's work was then read out by the Secretary. It was very encouraging to know from comparative figures that there was an all-round improvement in the number of competitors, donations and subscriptions this year, as against last year.

The efforts of those who came out best were then rewarded with prizes of lovely silver things and clocks, given away by the Rani Saheba. This was followed by a vote of thanks to those, who had come there and taken part in the affair. A "Bhajan" brought the meeting to a close that day.

On the 3rd day, i. e. the 25th November, a grand "At Home" was given by the Rani Saheba to all the members, when everyone had a very happy time. Thus, the Sammelan came to a pleasant finish.

A BROTHER'S CHOICE.

GOPALA was reclining on the bench, his head drooping, his face pale and colourless and his body cold and shivering with stifled sobs. His friends hastened to him and, snatching up the telegram that lay by his side, read: "Vasudeva Kartha expired yesterday. Nephews possess bank estates." It was with a feeling of fear and of foreboding that Gopala had spent the half-day with his comrades. His friends were many. All the Malayali students residing in the hostel looked upon him as their leader in the college, on the tennis lawn and in the hostel. He was just a youth of twenty with a habitual smile on his face and a unique personality, which helped him to become the master of them all. He now lay before them faint and helpless, mourning like a child the death of a father who had fondled and petted him much.

By 9-30 P, M. his friends had accompanied him to Egmore, and he was in the Trivandrum Express, on his way home, with a heart melting with sorrow, bleeding at the thought that he had no more a father and languishing at the grief that had so suddenly befallen him. He sat silent, for a thousand thoughts were passing through his mind. Why had God left him so destitute? What was he to do? How was he to meet his mother and sister? Poor mother—poor Shari. He turned to hide his tears and glanced out at the landscape. He consoled himself that his father might not be dead. It might be some trick played on him by his father's nephews. Oh, that it were a mistake, a slip in the address! Gopala knew his father's nephews. How did they dare to claim his father's bank and business? His blood ran fire, as he thought over it all.

The journey was long, and the care-worn traveller had to spend many hours in silent thought before he reached Trivandrum. As the train pulled up at the station, where his father had last come to send him to Madras just a few months before, his eyes were full, but he had not time to think and was soon in the whirl and stir of the railway station. The familiar scenes near home brought back many recollections of his parent and it seemed his heart would break with sorrow. When at last he reached his mansion, the 'Aramana House', he would have burst into tears in his mother's embrace, had not that wise woman remained composed and calm. She seemed silent and dignified in her grief. "Gopi, I have lived to see all this. * Your father's nephews wanted to drive me out of this house. They wanted a promise from me that I would give Shari in marriage to that Damodara Karth, your father's nephew. I wouldn't, child. All of them were here." "Mother, they have no right over anything of father's. Those days are over. No nephews shall ever come here. Shari shall be married to someone else, never to that fellow, to that drunkard."

After the death of her husband, Gopala's mother seemed to live only for the sake of her two children. She lavished all her affection on them and worked from morn till eve to see them happy and cheerful. Before many days passed, Gopala had to leave home and his mother for the College. He felt the burden that had fallen on his shoulders, he worked hard and was soon a bachelor of the Madras University. He persuaded his mother to send him to Calcutta to carry on research work in Science. His mother was not against it. There was something for him to look to immediately before he could leave Trivandrum. His sister Shari

* Till recently in Nair families in Travancore, descent was reckoned, not through sons, but through nephews. The wife with her children left her husband's house soon after his death and the nephews of the deceased took possession of everything.

was now 14. Many a youth had wished to marry her even in her father's life time, but her father had wished to give her a sound education, and had kept her up in school. The mother had then put up entreaties to no purpose.

Gopala's mother had been married in her twelfth year. She was then a wild romping girl, with a love for the open air and the fair fields. Her mother-in-law curbed her wild spirits, checked her wanderings, and imbued her with ideas of womanly modesty and gentleness. So, as she grew old, she became her mother-in-law herself in her ideas and in her orthodoxy. She now pressed on her son to give Shari in marriage to some youth in the neighbourhood, but he would not listnen. To every woman who came to see her, she dilated on his folly in leaving her thus with Shari unmarried. They tried to console her by saying that their daughters were older, but she would not listen to such counsel.

After much argument and persuasion, Gopala left Shari in the care of her mother and started for Calcutta. He got genial companions and found life pleasant in the grand city. He forgot home and its worries and was immersed in his studies. He got letters regularly from home. His mother wrote often all about Shari. She harped on that one string that Shari was old enough for marriage and that he was indifferent to it all. She seemed to have no peace of mind He wondered at his mother's anxiety. She wrote that he was letting opportunities slip, but then, he replied that there were men enough in the world. "Well," she thought, "There may be young men reading with him. Gopala might intend giving her in marriage to one of them." So she wrote asking him to select a proper husband from among his friends and to have everything settled by the month of Dhanu when he would be home for the vacation She sent the letter and waited for a reply. Daily she listened to the knock of the postman at the door and daily was she left disappointed. At last, after a fortnight she got a reply. With fumbling fingers, she tore it open and ran through the contents, glancing for the news for which she had waited, in vain. He had written about the Congress, the Satyagraha Volunteers, the raids, the strike, but not a word about Shari.

"The fellow is useless; all his talk is about the Satyagrahis. Who will remember mother or sister when once they are out of reach? That is all wiped out of his mind, clean wiped out."

Just then came Kalyani Amma to pay her a visit. She had hardly made her sit down before she began to harangue on the indifference of her son.

"Look at this, this girl. She is 14. Her brother is indifferent to everything. He is busy about the congress and the Hartal. What is all this to us? This is the fate of fatherless children. I

do not have sleep. That boy does not want to hear anything about it."

She *went on abusing her son, in this same strain for days and weeks. "I will not write to him. Let him come to his senses."* Again after a week she wrote to him reminding him about Shari. He wrote about his College, the City, but nothing about the marriage of Shari.

One day, the good lady was seated in the veranda in a depressed mood, much cast down, thinking over her departed husband-her parents and her now lonely life, when she got a letter. It ran :

Bagh Lal,
14 Amerson Road, 13-12-29

My loving mother,

You will really rejoice to hear that I am coming home for the vacation. I will start on the 18th and be there on the 23rd morning. Shari will of course be wild with joy. I have something for her I am now a Swarajist. I would also like to see her a proud daughter of my country. I have chosen for her a companion. She will never again complain that she is lonely. She shall see soon. We shall all meet by Monday.

Your loving son,
Gopalan Nair.

A thrill of joy ran through the veins of the poor mother. She read and re-read the letter. She walked about the house. "Perhaps;—no, perhaps,—Sure he will be bringing that companion with him. My son after all was not indifierent. How foolish was I. He has chosen a suitable man, I hope, for Shari."

She thought over ways and means to receive him properly. "He might probably be from Malabar. He must be a rich Zemindar's son." Her heart leapt with joy when she saw her daughter, the dear innocent eyes looking brightly at her. "My daughter is fortunate. I shall live to see her wedded soon. Will he be coming alone? He might wish to see Shari. How was she to deck her up, to seem becoming to her lover?" There were countless problems to be faced. The house was cleaned, made ready to receive the new visitor.

The expected morning dawned. Shari's mother was running about from the kitchen to the hall, giving directions to the servants, doing a little here and a little there, keeping everything neat and tidy in its place. Then poor Shari was called. She was elaborately dressed. Her diamond ear-rings were put on. A dark-blue silk Sari was worn with a heavy gold belt over it. Her hair was gracefully adorned with a bunch of jasmine buds. The proud mother wiped her face, gave her fine touches, pulled her Sari aright,

left the folds in their places, pinned the brooch again and again and kept at her side correcting her look, her person and her appearance.

A horn was heard, the car had come and stopped. She asked Shari to remain inside. She peeped into the verandah. There was her son, but he was alone. He stepped into the house, dressed in Khadar and came up to his mother. "Where is Shari?" She peeped out in all her regal splendour. "Oh! Shari! What is all this! I have brought for you a *Charka*. It will be a companion to you for life. Come and see."

J. V.

OUR POETRY PAGES.

1. SONG OF DEATH.

(BY DR. LOUIS M. E. EILSHEMIUS M. A., AMERICA.)

(All rights reserved by the Author.)

I have my coursers strong of icy manes
That marshalled are by crystal winds,
That hold dominion in the dizzy plains
Of space, where Cold his ice-wreaths binds—
My brother Cold,
Whose icy fold
Is where no meteors are, no sunrays warm,
But all is icy air, and icy every storm!

I have my other mansion in the sun,
Whose heat makes crisp cold iron-mounts,
And melts the rocks and charreth every one,
From whom spurt forth fierce fire-founts—
My brother's ire
Flames in that fire.
He battleth with stiff Cold, and wins always,
For nothing freezes in his scorching, charring rays!

Life is sweet arbitress 'tween Heat and Cold;
She wooes my brothers twain for ever
But when they friendship with each other hold
For a short while, at once they sever,
And Life's sweet strain
Is all in vain;
Heat wields his fire-rod, Cold spreads his sheet
Of icy winds, and Life dies at their deadly feet!

So are we ever struggling: shining Life
With Fire and Ice, who are my brothers strong;

Life dwells on spheres that with mild airs are rife ;
Around, in space, and in the sun, along
The path of space,
With no mild grace,
My brothers rage and I command their breath ;
For when I bid them, they inflict on Life quick death !

(PER K. P. P. TAMPY)

2. SACRIFICE (TO W. V. DE. S.)

Palestine's stars are setting, night far spent
Meets the new dawn now dreaming in the skies,
The slow moon waning pale, magnificent
Sheds its last splendour on Thy brooding eyes.
Dost Thou in thy tumultuous silence hear
Soft siren-voices borne upon the breeze
From some elusive strand beyond our sphere
Of time and space ? In dim eternities
Or in oblivion wilt Thou lose life's dreams,
Sorrow and pain of Thy brief pilgrimage ?
Galilean seas remember Thee ; Thy streams
And wind-swept hills with time will age
And muse for aye on memories that have been
Sanctified by Thee, O Nazarene !

E. H. D'ALWIS.

3. HEART OF THE LILY.

(BY DR. ERNEST J. STEVENS-M. A.,

Within the lily lies a heart of gold
Which emblematic is of pure intent ;
Its waxen hue with purity is blent.
'Tis thus I would enwrap about my soul,
A veil, which but reveals the gold within,
Its folds to be of faith so deep, serene,
That only love and joy may filter in.
So, like the lily would I gild each thought,
A pearl whose lustre is beyond compare.
And as I string them on a cord of gold
I find the rainbow tints are blended there ;
The rose, a promise of a dream come true,

Through which I see the glory of the dawn,
A halo o'er the lily of my soul
Whose golden heart God sets His seal upon,
....

"My lotus sister, tinted Goddess queen,
I find thy symbols are of priceless worth".

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(PER K. P. P. TAMPY.)

OUR SERIAL STORY.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER III.

"Those, whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder".

The words fell low and very distinctly from the lips of the clergyman. The silence of the room was so intense after that, that it needed visual evidence to prove that the room was nearly full of people. Gauri's heart sank lower and lower. What *had* she done? Something—Ah God!—which could never be recalled; something which held for all life. She felt herself turning faint, and for a second the room swam round her. But, the steady grasp of that other hand upon hers served to recall her to herself. Even then, she remembered later, she thought how sure and comforting it felt.

The next moment, she had forgotten everything. There was a gasp from the bed, on which her mother lay, the mother who had asked to see her married before she died. The doctor, who had been looking on at the strange ceremony, moved closer to his patient and laid his fingers on her pulse; then he looked at Narayan Rao with a significant look. She was passing.

And Narayan, taking his new responsibility on his shoulders, turned to the curious people all around him, and gently but firmly pushed them from the room, all except the few that mattered.

... ...

It was over; Gauri stood up. No sobs came from her; but her face worked pathetically. She put her handkerchief to her eyes; and when she took it away, there was a deadly calm on her face. She looked round on the weeping people.

"Please—please—," she whispered, conquering the quaver, that would come into her voice. "Please—mother did not wish us to cry. She—she—wished to have quiet round her after she—was dead—was—dead. Oh, mother!"

Her own words made her realise fully that the mother was gone. She turned involuntarily to the dead figure; and, as she looked at the calm, quiet face, smiling its far-away smile, but not for her, alas! not for her, her heart seemed to break within her, and

she dropped to her knees. But no sound of weeping came from her, only long-drawn gasping breaths, which seemed, to rive her body in two.

Then, she stood up again. Sita, who was standing near with tears in her eyes, went to her: and Gauri gently put her by and went towards the tall man, who stood with lowered head at the foot, supporting on the one side her hysterial sister, and on the other her weeping brother.

"Children," she said, "she is dead. Let us go. Come Mallika, come with me."

They went from the room; and, as at a given signal, dead silence fell again. Those, who still wept noisily, were now quiet. It almost looked as if they enjoyed giving up the effort of crying. After a minute, a few tongues began to whisper.

"Did you ever hear anything like that?" asked a short, prim woman, "that chit asking us to be quiet indeed."

"As if we could be quiet, with such a sight before us," said another. "We are not like her. Did you see her face? Not a tear on it! and yet her father and mother are both dead."

"And she wants to lord it over me, her own aunt, at least by law. Did you see how she took them from the room?"

"Hush, mother," whispered a girl standing by. "She meant nothing. And don't let us talk here, before her," looking at the bed.

"Don't try to teach me sense," retorted the older woman, but this time in a much softer whisper. "And don't you try to be kind to her. When I think of how she stole him from you."

"There was no stealing, We did not want him."

"Indeed, but he is my own nephew."

"Sh-sh-sh-" said Sita coming forward. Her usually pleasant face was distorted with grief.

"Hush", she said again, controlling her sobs. "Why do you squabble so over a dead body? I think you ought to show a spirit of unity. She was a good woman, who is dead now, and so is her daughter."

"Hush," whispered the other girl. "There is someone coming."

Someone came softly into the room, an old woman, a servant, yet not a servant, She had an air of authority and none dared to question her, for she had been, as it were, the foster-mother of the children during the long illness of the dead woman. Quietly, but forcibly, not caring for the hard looks levelled at her, she cleared the room of everyone, save two capable women; and then she set to her task of preparing the dead.

When Gauri re-entered the room, it was early morning, for

the mother had died in the middle of the night. Through the open windows came the dull blue of a faint twilight, which quickly grew lighter, making the artificial light in the room unearthly by contrast. The chill of dawn was in the air. A cock crowed shrilly outside, flapping its wings. Other cocks answered. Birds began to twitter. The lowing of cows was heard coming nearer, mingled with the musical tinkle of bells. Here and there in the road sounded a human voice. The world was *going on* as usual. What indeed did the loss of one poor woman mean to it?

Only the old woman, Martha, was in the room. The girl went to her and motioned to her to go out. And she, because she understood, even though she had no education worth mentioning, went, after gently smoothing the hair which shadowed the haggard young face.

A great surge of sorrow rose up within Gauri, and could not be submerged, as she looked at the still figure with the white roses on its breast, roses which the dead woman had loved and had especially cultivated, only for this—to lie on her and waste their sweetness and their dew-laden freshness within the dead hands; which now cared not for them, which had once been so sweet—so caressing——

After a while, came calm.

"Mother," she whispered. "Forgive me. I had to cry that time. I will look after them, mother. I will be true to my trust. And you were pleased with me, were you not, for doing as you asked and getting married at once? Oh—oh—when I think of it, when I think of it——,"

Again the paroxym passed, and she stood up to face the future. With a last flicker, the lamp went out, leaving the candles round the bed burning. Gauri went to the window. The sun had risen by this time, and the world was bright. But the girl's face stood out wan and yellow, so like the dead face on the pillow, that, if anyone had been there, they would have gasped and cried out with surprise.

And someone did nearly do that, as he came softly into the room and up to her. A sharp pang shot into his heart. His girl, his poor heroic girl, how she suffered!

"Gauri," he said to her, without daring to take her hands, so far-off and remote she looked. "Come and rest a bit."

"No—no," she stammered, with quivering lips.

"Your sister wants you," he cunningly murmured, and at once, her attention responded. Life and light came so quickly back to her face, that a little feeling of jealousy came to him, which he quickly stifled.

But, as they passed the bed, her steps faltered, and she clutched at the bed-rail for support. Narayan Rao quickly put his arm round her, and this time he dared to draw her closer to himself.

"Oh Gauri," he said, "Don't be afraid, darling; I shall look after you."

"And my people?" she whispered.

"They shall be to me as my people."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Narayan. And please forgive me for bringing all this trouble on you."

He laughed a short laugh, which somehow reassured her; but she did not look up, and yet he felt that she had something to say. He bent to her and asked her what was troubling her.

"You—you—will forgive me, won't you—for any mistakes I may make. I do not know anything properly at all,—and—and—about that other affair?'

"Gauri," he said, "never mind all that has passed; now, it is for me to prove myself to you, to show that I am worthy of the trust you so sweetly put in me today. Only trust me, and forgive me also if I ever hurt you."

And so their compact was made.

(To be continued)

K. S.

IN MAN'S REALM

SARTOR INDICA.

Some time ago, in the drowsy afternoon of a May day on the West Coast, Mr. K. M. Parleckell, dressed to his waist in the national *dhoti*, and in Adam's garb higher up, was dandling on his knee his baby who was undecided whether to sob or howl. With a click-at-any-stupid-thing mood I was wandering about with my V. P. K., when I lighted upon this scene of domestic felicity; and Mr. Parleckell prevailing upon Miss to pose, I clicked. But no sooner had I done winding up, than it flashed upon the father, my good old friend of so many 'rag nights', that I might choose out of pure mischief to snap him also in his barbarian habiliments.

What followed cannot be set down here except in hyphenated sentences, for the reason that each act got mixed up with the other with alarming rapidity—baby clawed rudely, Daddy made a lively sprint down the verandah, there were yells of impotent rage, baby was plumped into a rattan tray, curious gyrations finished up with a dash for the door and the security of uncertain light. I had him twice, or rather I thought I had him, for, it will be seen

from all I have said that the results could not have been very creditable. The first shot came out something like the relief map of Australia, while, in the second, Halley's comet was butting into a spiral nebula, with the milky way for a back-ground.

All this may be beside the point; but why did he object to being photographed in a costume which he never felt ashamed to be in? There is a good bit of South India going about half-clad in the way of Mr. P. Out of these semi-nudes, a good proportion dress permanently so; while the rest do it only in the quiet seclusion of their homes. Why, again I ask. I am not going into a discussion of Proleterian economics, so that the permanently half-clad people will be left out of consideration, since they will be dictated to by nothing but by their purses. But, the great middle-class, responsible for all the changes in this country,—what of them? Why should they not be clothed properly?

I find here a reader rising in defence of the half-clad middle class and shouting "It is climate, my dear Sir. It is our climate." Fiddlesticks! That is no argument. You will bear in mind that Mr. Parleckell delights sometimes in excellent lounge suits, semi and full dinner suits and wears his batswing bow over wing dress-collars with consummate nonchalance, everything *a la mode*. "Truly", says the above-mentioned defender. "this is a case for *me*, a case which shows that literal semi-nudity is the thing for us, and everything else is a superfluity dictated by *Dame*, rather *Monsieur Fashion*". That may be. I shall come to it in due time. But, when you know that Mr. P. can thus take a leap from a mere Dhoti to all the complicaations of a Western costume; that he has even got over the difficulties of Wellington boots and tight pants (he is a Militia Lieutenant by the way) you are led to believe that some people are prepared to go a good length to accomodate themselves to the fashions of the times. That much may be taken for granted without provoking controversy.

What I am driving at is that there has never at any time in the history of the world, been a law, governing dress, any strict immutable law, which said: "For this climate so many pounds of cotton and so many of silk; for this country this type of dress, so much sleeve, so much of skirt; for this hour of the day black, for this blue and for that gamboge; up to such an age white, after that motley". People of different countries, but suffering and enjoying the same vicissitudes of climate, have fashioned for themselves dresses as wide apart in quality and quantity as the loin cloth of the aborigine and the full regimentals of a swell subaltern of the Guards.

There is really no law governing clothes. There has never been. The cut and quality of clothes have been regulated by man

according to his whims, sometimes by necessity, often times by fancy, more often by the lack of a sense of proportion.

Let us make a mental survey of the progress of the sartorial idea starting from our accepted ancestor, Monseiur Adam, of Eden in Palestine. Whatever philosophical explanation there might be behind the tree of knowledge, it is accepted that Adam and Eve came to know things only after their small theft incident. It is on record that the moment they came to know things, they began to use drapery, of a sort. The idea of dress synchronises therefore with the dawn of knowledge. Why it should have been so is not the case in point. It is one of those matters that are and will be. But just how much or how little the body ought to be clothed in is the one subject that baffles us. It has never been settled. We simply have to have a state of things without a logical explanation. The sartorial idea was always there in man as in woman; and the idea pure and simple has never gone with unequal pace in the two sexes.

The increasing multiplicity of wants which the great economists say is a true sign of any progressive civilization has always seen variations in clothes. These variations have been of the nature of an upward curve, till comparatively recent times. The over-dressed man and the under-dressed woman are products of a shell-shocked world that believes in Jazz. It does not require much thinking to say that when man and woman braved the same climate and fought the same fights in the struggle for existence, there ought to have been no fundamental difference in the quantity, if not the style, of clothes worn by each. If the march of ages has degenerated women to the position of the weaker sex, there is no justification in having allowed them to expose their bodies in dancing halls and dining rooms, to censorable limits, while their stronger and hardier male partners are thrust into cumbersome stiff collars, cuffs, and layers upon layers of linen and serge. It cannot be that the men really do require such a lot, because in that case the scantiness of their wives' dresses exposes them to the charge of being unchivalrous. Following the same line of reasoning, there is no reason why the South Indian ryot, the unchanging, almost unchangeable ryot, should go about in a loin cloth and turban, while his wife goes about to almost all the scenes of her husband's labour in a heavy cotton saree. There has been no logic about any of these divergences, to enable them to take shelter under climatic peculiarities. Climate has nothing to do with dress, as we find it today.

If then my opposer has been satisfied that there is no question of our climate voting against clothing, I can proceed.

The question now is "How much?" Should we be halfclothed even temporarily like our old friend Mr. Parleckell?

The Greeks, I'm told—at least the pictures and statuettes I have seen say, went about in imitation of our Eden hero. Don't believe it—at least not all of it. You won't, if you just think of it. You would have noticed that the statues of nude figures never represented any but the *Apollos* and *Adonises*, numerous though they might have been in comparison with the poor out-turn of less ancient days. You look and look in vain for a pot-bellied, flabby gent. Statues and bas-reliefs of Homer or Socrates, or for the matter of that any person immortalised in marble somewhere about his thirties or forties, are invested with respectable beards and some sort of drapery. Even great Julius Caesar has his *toga.* Only the young bucks of Greece had the arrogance to come out in marble. nude and in the daring outlines of mere manliness. This much is inference from observation. If, in the face of this, the historians say that these young men went about the country naked, these young men must have gone raving mad. Yes that is it, now I come to think of it, they had lunatic unconcern for the rest of the world.

I think it is a duty we owe to humanity, to our neighbour and his neighbour, in obedience to that one common principle of all the religions under the sun, viz: "Love thy neighbour," not to offend the feelings of those about you It might delight you to see well-developed muscles and limbs. But these are rare. The majority are monotonous and unlovely. They must be clothed, hidden, done away with, if possible. You cannot help it. It is in you, this revulsion of feeling. It started with Adam.

Let us then, in the interests of humanity, be clothed. Let us, in the interest of that aesthetic sense which is the very soul of real civilization, be clothed properly, decently and unoffendingly.

Having come to this point, we get into the realm of present-day costumes, which require a thorough good overhauling. But of this presently.

(*To be continued*)

ANDROMEDA.

N. B.—We invite replies to this article.—EDITOR.*I. L. M.*

FRIENDLY CHATS.

FORGIVENESS.

CHRISTIANS daily pray, "Forgive us our trespasses". And yet, I wonder how many really mean the petition. How many of us really admit that we are sinners? There are several of us, who pride ourselves on our righteousness, and cannot easily admit being in the wrong. For the sake of appearances, of course,

we affirm that we are sinners in the ordinary run of things. Yet, the admission is true in every sense. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity," said the psalmist. "If we say we have no sin," said St. John, "we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." So, we are born in sin. But at the same time, the fact remains that we were made in the image of God. In the Bible, we are told that, when God made man, He said: "let us make man in our image, and after our likeness" and He breathed into him the breath of life. Christ also said to his people once: "Ye are all gods."

How then can we reconcile these two statements, which seem to be a sort of paradox. Just by saying that we have both evil and good in us. We are sinners and yet we can free ourselves from sin. This is the reason why in our hearts there is ever the desire to do better. We sin and we are bitterly sorry for our sins; and we try to do better. Then again we fall; and so on it goes, rising, falling, sinning, triumphing. For this very reason, God has implanted in us what is called 'conscience', the small still voice, which is for ever reproving us in our hearts, and telling us what to do. This is the voice of God, of the holy Spirit. It is for ever watching us. It is infinitely patient. But, remember, that the time will come when it will one day get stilled for ever. You know that, if we do not use any limb, it will get useless and soon die. There are organs in our body, which have died for want of use. The old hermits of India used to do penance sometimes holding up their hand for years. The result was that the limb got completely dried up. It will be even so with our consciences; for the wages of sin is death, the death of the Soul.

When we think of the phrase: "Forgive us our trespasses," we see that there are two agents to it; those who forgive, and those who are forgiven. Let us take the latter first. How are we to be forgiven our sins? The first thing is Repentance. You know that that was the one cry of John the Baptist: "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Even now is the axe laid unto the root of the trees. Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance".

The second is a striving against sin. There is no use of saying that we can always repent and be forgiven. Remember that God looks into the very heart for motives. If repentance is merely of the lips, there will be no sin forgiven; but repentance must be absolutely true, and then will come the desire to try not to sin more. "If by the Spirit ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live," said St. Paul. "Mortify therefore your members, which are upon earth. And put on the new man which is being renewed into knowledge after the image in him that created us".

The next thing is dependence upon God. We can do nothing by ourselves. It is God alone who can give us the strength. We

must therefore pray to him for help. "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins, O Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer," prayed David. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," we pray in the great prayer taught us by Christ. This brings us to the second part of our statement, viz, to those who forgive, and here also we need help. The first thing that we need to remember here, I think, is that we should do unto others, as others should do unto us. We realise this in the Lord s prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. Christ has given us some parables to teach this truth. There is the parable of the merciless servant, who craved for a clearance of his debt from his master; but immediately went behind and refused to forgive his own debtor What was his punishment? "And his Lord was wrath and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due. So shall also my heavenly father do unto you, if ye forgive not every one his brother from your hearts." Again and again did Christ tell this to his disciples: "If thy brother sin and repent, forgive him. And if he sin against thee seven times in the day, and seven times turn again to thee saying: I repent, thou shalt forgive him."

Therefore, we must forgive others, even as we wish God to forgive us. For this, we want in our hearts the love of humanity, of our brothers and sisters. With love, comes an understanding of the weakness and frailties of others, of their failings and of their desire to do better; and, understanding, we shall forgive. For forgiveness, we must also possess meekness and humility. You will often notice that a proud or self-conceited person will find it hard to forgive. Self comes between. "That man has sinned greatly against me, the great me, who is almost perfect", we say to ourselves, "and how can I forgive him?"

And, when we forgive, we must forgive completely. There is no use in having reservations in our minds, in grudging forgiveness. "Forgive and forget." I know it is difficult to forget a great wrong; but it has to be done. Or, at least, if not forgotten, it must be treated as forgotten, and never should be brought up again.

And, having done all this, we can pray to God for forgiveness. And God will forgive us, for his mercy is great. If we were treated according to our sins, what chance shall we have at all? It was on account of that, that David cried: "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." Consider the parable of the lost sheep, in the Bible. A shepherd one evening found one of his flock missing; and immediately, instead of resting after his hard day's work, he went in search of it. "There is no anger in the face of the good shepherd as he bends over the poor, foolish, defenceless creature—only the light of a

great compassion. Tenderly he raises it, and, weary and foot-sore as he is, he bears it on his shoulders, back over the dark mountains to the sheltering fold. Then, in the greatness of his joy, he makes his way home, and gathering his friends and neighbours around him, he tells them the story of his weary search and its happy ending, and they all rejoice together over the lost sheep that has been found."

The same thing is taught us in that great parable of the Prodigal son. The lost boy has sinned and repented ; he is coming back.

"And now the old home comes in sight, and there in the distance he sees his father, but not before his father sees him. Day after day, for many weeks past, has that father gazed down the long road in the hope of his son's return, and here he is at last ! Ragged, outcast, as the prodigal is, his father knows him, and, instead of turning from him, or even waiting for him to draw near, he runs to meet him and falls on his neck and kisses him.

"And then the poor prodigal finds his voice and makes his confession. His repentance is too real to let him keep that back. He does not say to himself. 'If my father forgives me and is so glad to see me again, I need not humble myself before him, nor ask his pardon'. The thought of his father's goodness only makes his own sin and ingratitude seem more black and grievous than before. 'O father, father, you are so good and kind, and I have been so selfish and ungrateful. And now, instead of upbraiding me as I deserve, you have loaded me with kindness. What have I done to merit such love? What did you do when I spurned and made light of it? I could bear it better if you were stern and punished me, but to treat me like this after all my bad conduct makes my guilt look blacker than ever. Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son'.

But for answer the father only holds his dear lad the tighter in his arms. 'He has come back to me,' he says over and over again to himself, while his eyes brim over with happy tears. 'Bring forth the best robe,' he commands the servants, 'and put it on him and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet ; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat and be merry ; for this my son was dead, and is alive again. He was lost, and is found.'"

There is a true story of how a young girl ran away from home and fell into evil ways. One night her steps were drawn back to her home. She saw a light in the window. She wondered if the door was open, for she remembered that it always had been closed tight at night. But, the latch lifted, and she found herself

in the room where she had so often been rebuked by her mother. She went a little further. She saw her mother, sleeping and roused her, and, she said to her, "Mother, how was it that the door was open in the middle of the night, when you used always to be so careful to shut it?"

And the mother told her that since she had been away, the door had never been closed by night or by day, in the hope that the prodigal would come back.

"It may be too late for everything else; it is never too late to come back to God."

"Amicus."

SOCIETY SNAPS.

HOME TRUTHS FROM THE EPICS.

CULTURE is poison to the uneducated, food is poison to a man suffering from indigestion, and age and wife are poisons to an old man.

One can get good status by the tongue. Friends and relations equally come by the judicious use of the tongue. Fetters and death are also earned by the tongue. A man is judged according to the nature of the tongue he possesses.

The woman who is quarrelsome, the housewife who steals, the woman who betrays the family to others, the woman who mocks at others, the woman who eats before the the arrival of the husband, the woman who always goes next-door for gossip, must be avoided, even though she happens to be the mother of ten children.

She, who works for the house like a servant, she who gives counsel as a minister, she who is beautiful like the Mahalakshmi, she who is patient like the earth, and she who is like a mother in friendship is the proper woman to be loved and admired.

A rich man is one who has a hundred sovereigns; a chief is one who has at least a hundred villages; a king should have at least a hundred horses, and a pundit should be proficient at least in a hundred verses.

A man, who has not given charity in his previous birth, is born again a poor man. Having been born poor, he will commit sins leading him to hell. Leaving hell after the expiry of his sins, he will be born again a poor man, and suffer over again.

The following persons will not care whether you have anything or nothing :—a guest, a boy, a woman, a king and a son-in-law. Their wants are to be satisfied, whether you have money or not.

One must be separated from a petty country, a petty friend, a petty relation, a petty woman, a petty town, and petty-minded people.

A woman takes twice as much food as a man, is four times keener in intellect, six times as proficient in winning manners, and eight times as powerful in the exhibition of love.

The sins of a people will be visited on a king, the sins of a king on his minister, and the sins of a wife on her husband.

The man, who uses musical instrument during a song, or a dance, the soldier who wages war with his enemy, the man who eats, the man who argues, should not be shy.

Beauty, age, good family are nothing, if unaccompanied by culture and education, just as a flower is useless without fragrance.

The individual will have to be sacrificed to save a family. A family will have to be given up to save a village. A village will have to be destroyed to save a country, and an individual should sacrifice himself to save himself from shame.

The voice for a nightingale, chastity for a woman, education for the deformed, and patience and beauty of form for the ascetic, are very essential.

The river will not drink its own water. The tree will not eat the fruits it yields. The clouds will not devour the corn obtained from the lands watered by them. Just so ought to be the wealth of philanthropic and broad-minded millionaires.

Birds have their stronghold in the sky. The fish gets security in water. The king is the support of the weak, and boys gain their support in weeping.

The scorpion has its poison in the tail; fleas carry poison in the head, the snake exhibits its poison in the teeth, and a bad man carries poison all over his body.

Book-learning and the wealth of others are useless, as they will not be available during times of need and trial.

The work undertaken without the direction of a master, and the work done under the guidance of several masters, are of no use to anybody.

N. RAMABHADRAN,

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

A note of modern fashion is the harmonising of black with other colours. I think this is a very good idea for our Indian costume. The only point of course is to remember that black should not be worn by dark-complexioned people. A clear, fair ivory colour, on the other hand, is well set-off by black. Deep

hues of turquoise, or dark-green, shades of cream, or 'off-white' colours, as they are called, and glowing crimsons, will tone well with black. We can all take lessons from the hues of sunset, though of course none can get their wonderful harmony, their surprising delicacy, and their peculiar radiance. The other day I saw a most wonderful sunset, a vivid, yet not too arrogant orange-rose-red, a lovely pleasing effect. A pretty effect results from the mixture of tea-rose and pale-blue.

There is a great dearth of good trimmings in Indian costumes, apart from the stereotyped ones of silver and gold borders. I have been told that wool lace has a good effect on plain fabric; eye-let embroidery in Indian designs will also form an effective decoration; and smocked and tucked effects will be very pretty, I am sure.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS.

THE BABY'S ROOM.

Taking the houses of fairly well-to-do Indians into consideration, it is rather a pity that very often no special room is set apart for the baby. The infant lives anywhere and everywhere in the house. And very often, it is unduly disturbed in its slumbers and play; and the elders are interrupted in their talk and work, which means a frayed temper and unnecessary irritation on both sides.

I would therefore suggest a 'baby's room'. If there is one, the family can continue a normal life. Of course, in India, it is hard to separate a child like that, because an Indian mother does not always like to trust her children to paid servants, specially at nights. Still, if we can get a good servant, it is worth a trial. I came across an article in the *Parents' Magazine*, which suggested the furnishing of a baby's room and I think some of the ideas will be useful to us. A cheery wall-paper with juvenile pictures and sketches of childish legends, is suggested. In India, we cannot well use wall-paper; but there is no harm in getting good paintings and sketches done on the white-washed wall. The stories of the Ramayana and Mahabharata can well be adapted. Stars and flowers, animals and fairies and little imps, will be a fine decoration. But it must be done in harmonious colouring and fine sketching, and not crudely or carelessly.

The furniture must be delicate and pretty and of plain polished wood; it can be enamelled or inlaid with little pictures. It should include a chest of drawers or a small bureau, shelves or boxes for toys, little tables and chairs; a chair and table or two for the

mother or elders, and a high-chair. The bed should be an airy, railed-in crib with a light mattress, a soft low pillow, mosquito curtains and clean linen. In the bath-room should be the baby's bath, either of tin or porcelain; a low table with little neat receptacles for soap, powder, medicines etc, a light towel-rail, an open wardrobe, a nice stool to sit on for the mother, a dirty-linen basket, a can for washing clothes, a screen for putting away unnecessary and unpleasant things, etc.

A railed-in space for the baby to play in is useful, with a soft carpet, on which the baby can roll harmlessly. But the carpet must be such that it can be dusted daily and washed sometimes. The lamps must be on the walls. There should be as few curtains as possible in India; but care shoule be taken to avoid glare and keep out draughts. A fenced play-yard in the garden is very useful.

"MATER"

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

THE INFANTILE STOMACH AND PRINCIPLES OF DIET.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The capacity of the stomach of an infant is small, being only 2 ounces about the end of the first month, 4 ounces at the end of the 3rd month and 8 ounces at the end of 6 months. It is more or less a cylindrical tube owing to the poor development of the fundus and this accounts for the ease with which food regurgitates in children. The amount of gastric juice is far less than in the adult, but is similar in its digestive properties. The muscular element of the stomach and the intestines is poorly developed in infancy and possesses less tone than in the adult. The peristaltic movements, therefore, are less forcible and favour the ac·umulation of gas in the alimentary canal and its distension.

It is a well-known principle that any food, to be of value, should contain a proper admixture of the different food elements, namely proteids, carbo-hydrates (Sugar), fats, salts and water, and also vitamines. For the infant, maternal milk is the only ideal food. The following table will show that no other milk can be a true substitute.

	Human milk	Cow's milk	Ass's milk	Goat's milk
Proteids.	2·00	4·00	1·80	3·70
Fats.	3·50	3·50	1·00	4·20
Sugar.	7·00	4·00	5·50	1·00
Salts.	0·20	0·70	0·40	0·50

Where maternal milk is available, therefore, the problem of infant feeding is greatly simplified. It not only obviaes the difficulties of artificial feeding and its dangers, but it also means that we give the infant the proper start in life. The foundation must be strong and such foundation depends upon the proper supply of mother's milk, which contains a certain amount of iron in an assimilable form, not found in cow's milk. The virtues of human milk have been again and again extolled from many quarters, for infants thus brought up possess greater vitality and are less susceptible to diseases.

Suggestions for Breast Feeding: (1) The first three or four days of the infant require special feeding methods. There must be large intervals of rest. Therefore, for the first three days, putting the infant to the breast once in six hours is sufficient. Sugar and water or warm water can be given in addition. Afterwards, during the first and second months, feed every 3 hours during the day, but during the night allow the child to rest as long as it appears satisfied. This rule applies to healthy children only. In sickness, special rules for feeding are required. If the child thrives and gains in weight, it is advisable and in the interests of the mother and child to have an interval of from 7- -8 hours at night. If the child is restless at night, turn it from side to side and give one or two teaspoons of boiled water which will satisfy it and prolong its sleep. Continual application of the child to the breast is baneful. In special cases, the infant may require feeding every 2 hours, but bear in mind that less frequent feedings stimulate a better flow of milk. Give the infant a longer interval for digestion and thus an increased appetite.

2. The mother should always sit upright, be it at night, or during the day, while nursing an infant.

3. No infant should nurse longer than 20 minutes at each feed, whereas frequently 10 or 15 minutes will suffice. If an infant nurses longer than 20 minutes, say 30 or 40 minutes, we may conclude that the breast milk is deficient in quantity.

4. Where there is deffciency in the quantity, but the quality is good, it is advisable to feed the infant alternately with breast-milk and bottle-milk. Every drop of breast milk is so precious that no infant should be deprived of it, and therefore it is desirable to attend to the general condition of the mother and see if she cannot be toned up and the milk improved in quantity and quality. General tonics, good food, a change of place, and moderate exercise, will stimulate and increase the flow of milk. If these fail, or as an auxiliary, Nutrolactis, Somatose or Lactagol can be used with great benefit.

5. Between the 8th and 10th months, if the infant is thriving and gaining in weight, some cereal feeding can be added. Rice flour, wheat flour, or corn flour, made into thin *Conjee*, can be served with milk and sugar once a day, say in the noon, and continued, if no symptoms of starch indigestion such as flatulence, colic or distention of abdomen, are noted. At 12 months, the yolk of a raw egg or coddled egg may be added. After the teeth erupt, rusks, biscuits, food, vegetable, fruits etc., can be allowed.

THE DIET OF A NURSING MOTHER:

1. Immediately after the birth of the child, the exhausted condition of the mother will call for rest, hence sleep is imperative after which some form of nourishment is required. This can be accomplished by giving at intervals of several hours good wholesome food, such as gruel with milk, soft bread and milk etc. It is unnecessary to state that each woman's case and her former habits must be taken into account, in ordering the diet. Chicken broth, weak tea, coffee, plain milk etc., can be allowed. If warm liquids are not well borne, cold drinks, cold water, butter milk and fruit juices can be taken. It is wise not to give solid food for the first 3 days, when it will be time to take to ordinary diet. The latter may be any thing, but it should consist of plenty of wholesome vegetable, milk, soup, fruits, wheat, rice, eggs etc. Meat is not necessary, unless the mother has been always accustomed to this kind of food ; and even then it should be allowed only once a day. Fish, boiled or fried, is very nutritious during the nursing-period and can be used particularly if the milk is deficient. Bread and butter is also wholesome.

2. Hot curries, highly-seasoned dishes of all kinds, uncooked vegetables and tinned provisions should be avoided.

3. All spirituous liquors, beer, wine etc., are injurious. Medicated wines can be taken under medical advice.

4. A nursing mother requires fluids and she is very often thirsty. To relieve this, she should drink barley water or plain water in abundance.

5. Certain foods are injurious and they are, potatoes, green plantains, jack-fruit, sour curds etc.

WET NURSING. It is suprising to note the gradual disappearance of the healthy robust mother, among the educated and well-to-do ladies, who can perform the duty of nursing her infant. From statistics, about 90% of poor mothers are able to nurse their children, whereas only 20% of rich and middle-class mothers are able to perform the same duty.

When the mother from any cause is not able to nurse her baby, the next best thing is wet-nursing. Things to be noted when a wet nurse is selected are:—

1. The milk should be suitable in quantity and quality. The quality can be judged only from the results, or by chemical analysis where possible.

2. It is a good point to try and secure a wet-nurse, suckling a child about as old as the one she is asked to nurse, although it is quite common to find nurses who have older children, than the one they wish to nurse, and to find the latter doing well.

3. The proof of the usefulness of the wet nurse is the condition of the baby after some time. Hence scales must be used periodically.

4. We should reject a wet nurse as unfit for nursing if she has (a) enlarged glands in the neck, (b) diseased lungs, no matter how trival, (c) evidence of syphilis, (d) inflammation of the breast and (e) carious teeth.

5. Great importance must be placed on the uselessness of hysterical, neurasthenic and over-worked women for wet nursing. The phlegmatic broad-shouldered, easy-going woman, pleasant and gentle-mannered, is the one most useful and best adapted.

DIET OF A WET NURSE: The diet given for the nursing mother can also be used as a guide in choosing the diet for a wet-nurse. The greatest care however, must be bestowed on the manner of living. A wet nurse, that was formerly a servant or who worked out of doors and is suddenly taken into this new mode of life, must have proper exercise. Otherwise, her milk will be totally unfit for an infant. It is therefore important to try to adapt a wet nurse to the same conditions as existed prior to her pregnancy, so that both her manner of living and her diet shall not be different. Unwholesome things must of course be forbidden.

If she is given too much of meat, there will be too much of fat in the milk, and the infant will suffer from regurgitation and vomiting of sour-smelling liquid, colic, restlessness, soapy stools or stupor. If she gets too little of meat, the milk will be poor in fat and the infant will suffer from constipation (Rickets) and will not thrive. In the former case, meat should be reduced and in the latter case it should be increased. If the woman works very hard, the protein content of the milk will be increased and the infant

will suffer from indigestion and diarrhoea; but if she take no exercise at all the milk will be very poor in protein and the infant will rapidly lose weight, therefore her exercise must be regulated. If she eats too much of sugar, potatoes, and other varieties of root and bulky rice-food, the carbo-hydrate content of the milk will be increased and the infant will suffer from flatulence.

WEANING :—Where the teeth appear, weaning must be considered. If the mother becomes pregnant, weaning is imperative. The general condition of the infant too should be taken into consideration, before weaning is decided upon. In some infants, gradual weaning may be attempted, but in most of them it can be successfully accomplished at once.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) OUR SERIAL STORY.

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.

PLANS AND PREPARATIONS.

ON a pretty-patterned screw-pine mat, with their dolls lying everywhere in all possible postures, and strips of muslin, silk and satin of all colours scattered all over the place in company with beads, tinsel, ribbons and other belongings of the dolls, sat Rukmini and Seeta discussing some grand plan. At a single glance any one could see the amount of careful attention Rukmini had bestowed on her dress, in strong contrast to that Seeta's neglect of her personal appearance. In some respects, the tastes of Rukmini and Raji were similar, as both were keenly sensitive about their clothes, the important difference being, that, while the big sister cared for elegance, the small one loved superfluity. As for Seeta, it was as difficult a task to persuade her to wear a saree, as to keep Raji from twisting one round her own limbs.

"Seet", said the elder sister looking up suddenly from a dress she was making for one of the dolls, "I say Seet, don't scatter the beads and wool so. Can't you put them back in the box after using?"

"I was just comparing the clothes, Rook," her sister replied and added, "I can't make up my mind which to choose. Don't you think that tinsel braid will go nicely with this pink silk dress?"

Rukmini answered, "It is certainly very pretty, but it won't go the whole length of the saree at the edge, and we must trim the loose end too."

"What of that?" retorted the younger sister.

"You stitch up the folds at the bottom and that will shorten the length."

"What nonsense you talk, Seet", laughed her sister. Just fancy mother in a saree like that. How awkward! Seet, I say, don't you worry your head about our Janaki's wedding costume. That part of the business is entirely my own outlook. I am afraid to trust you, as you either leave things undone, or spoil everything, if you get into a temper".

"But I must do something, Rook", spoke up Seeta emphatically. "Our Ranjit Singh—Janaki's affianced husband—is a Rajput, is he not? Well, take my word, that I will make a glorious puggree for him ornamented with jewels, and covering one eye, one ear, and having a tail behind".

Rukmini suppressed a smile and answered, "All right, do any thing, but don't spoil our play."

"What shall we cook for the wedding banquet?" cried Seeta, suddenly raising her tone, as she flung on the mat her half-stitched puggree and yawned loudly.

Rukmini glanced over her shoulder before answering. There in the porch, overhung by a bower of purple *clematis* and snowy *malati*, Mohun was busy decorating his school-books with a sheet of water-pictures. Vasant stood by his brother's chair and said,

"Mohun, won't you take my giraffe and give me that battleship?"

"Two pictures for a warship," replied the elder brother," give me that bunch of pansies too."

A sad and reproachful look came into the eyes of the younger boy, as he said

"You have so many pictures and I have only these."

"But you are so much younger," retorted Mohun in his characteristic teasing way, "and have so few books to read. That makes the difference. But let me pity you this once." So saying Mohun made over the battle-ship to his brother in exchange for the giraffe.

The transaction had just been over and Vasant was sticking the pictures to the legs of the table, the mirror and the wall, when Rukmini cast a glance in that direction. Her great alarm, when Seeta spoke about the wedding banquet so loudly, had been that her elder brother might overhear their plans and in his usual unfeeling manner playfully upset all their arrangements. When she looked back, she saw Mohun stooping over his book, but regarding her with a corner of his eye. She then fixed a reproachful look on her sister's face, which the latter only too well understood and.

"You can never lower your voice, Seet," spoke the elder sister. "But what are you doing with that doll? You are sure to dislocate its joints and then there will be no passenger left for Vasant's train".

Seeta, who was rotating a cellulloid doll by its arms, dropped it at once and replied.

"We shall tell father Mohun interferes. Come, we shall select the items for the bill of fare. What shall we cook?"

"I shall cook rice and curries," replied the elder sister, "You can help me."

"No cooking for me," screamed Seeta, as she sprang wildly to her feet, "I won't be your assistant, Rook."

"Hush, what an ass you are!" was all that Rukmini could say in answer.

Seeta stamped on the floor and with pouting lips and lowered voice, said

"I am going to cook the sweets".

"What sweets have you in mind?"

Seeta, gazing at the roof, answered slowly and thoughtfully, as if by counting the rafters alone, she could tell, "Halva, sweet balls—and—and—other things."

"Have you the patience to cook at least one?" asked Rukmini discouragingly, whereupon the younger sister replied,

"You need not think me such a baby. Mother always says that, only if I can make up my mind to do anything, none of you will beat me. But tell me what you want to cook."

"Plain rice, pulihor rice, spinage from our garden, brinjal and potato stewed with onions and spices, dhal, rasam and one or two chutneys".

"How nice," exclaimed Seeta clapping her hands. "No curds or ghee?"

"Curds and ghee mother will give us."

(To be continued.)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) THE LARK.

Little larkie in that nest,
Little bird with spotted breast,
When you soar right up so high,
Till you nearly reach the sky,
Tell me, tell me, little bird,
Of all you've seen and all you've heard.
From the tree tops, red and green,
Does not our earth, as it is seen,

Appear like a fairy dream,
With a caterpillar stream?
Fill the air, O little bird,
With your song and cheery word.

NITA FONSECA.

(3) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

My dear young friends,

I propose to tell you a good story.

There was once a doctor, by name Jekyll. As all good doctors have, he had a laboratory of his own. There he used to work hard and discover many new medicines to cure strange diseases. One day he discovered a medicine, by taking which one could completely change his personality. If you should give it to your little Betty, you would be surprised to see her converted into a dirty Jim. It will never be possible for you to believe that she was your pretty Betty.

The doctor used to take that medicine often and get changed into another man, Mr. Hyde. In his changed personality, he used to commit serious crimes and before he could be punished he would take an antidote, and thus get transformed into Dr. Jekyll again! In course of time, the medicine had such an effect on him that one day, after he had committed a crime, he could not get himself changed into Dr. Jekyll by whatever amount of the antidote he might take. To avoid shame, the doctor committed suicide.

Thus you see, dear friends, that Dr. Jekyll represents the good and the godly in us, the good conscience. If any one acts against his conscience he becomes a bad man. If one continues to act wrongly, like Mr. Hyde, he cannot get himself transformed into good Dr. Jekyll; he can never become a good man.

Dear friends, never forget the moral of this story. Try not to do anything wrong, and if at any time you do it, do not repeat it. Success and happiness will then be yours.

Yours Sincerely,
A. M. GHOUSE.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

AS I sit down to select a type for my random portraits, I think of an Indian Christian friend, whom I know and like very much. She is a tall, well-made, wide-shouldered, deep-bosomed creature, and she takes with her, wherever she goes, an air of well-being, elasticity and strength. I would not call her a gracious

woman, because I think she is too impulsive for that, and graciousness somehow gives one an idea of tutoring oneself against a strong natural impulse. But, she is very kindly and good-natured and charming. She has a delightful smile. She is friendly with everyone and tries to do her best for every one. She is, in fact, a splendid entertainer.

She is a good wife to a rather accommodating man; and she is a fond mother of three children. Yet, she finds plenty of time for social duties. She actually had the energy after her marriage, to start singing and piano-forte lessons, and she has had the grit to practise at them, till she is doing fairly well. Having a good singing voice, she has joined a musical association, and is rather an asset there. She can speak well on public platforms, and she can talk and argue sympathetically. Above all, she is a good organizer, with moral courage enough to restrain unwelcome zeal. and patience enough to encourage welcome talent. I have known her make a great success at arranging concerts and sales. She is a great help at committees. She plays bridge and tennis also; and, being impulsive, as I said before, it is often a pretty sight to see her enjoying herself like a child at these things.

But, lately, I have been hearing, to my disappointment, that she is inclined to neglect her home for social duties. I suppose this was to be expected as a result of her great managing capabilities. This tones in with what I read the other day that, when a woman has great skill in one direction, she should concentrate on that and neglect other things; e.g. like my friend. But I wonder!

PUNKAJAM.

TACT IN SOCIETY.

I often wonder whether it is right on one's part to tell the full truth to a friend, at the cost of hurting that friend. For example, I know a friend of mine, who was told that she had better stop her efforts at singing in public, because she could not please; in fact, her singing was all the other way. Similarly, someone else was told that it was a waste of time to practise at the piano, seeing that she would never be much good there. Now, I would like to know what good resulted from such strictures. My friends, who were told off, were badly hurt, really hurt, not because of petty-mindedness; but because they had been very anxious to sing and play music. The innate artistic sense in them had been longing to express itself in that way.

Of course, if nothing is told these people, they will spoil things for others, and become bores and get to be dreaded at entertainments.

I wish we could strike a middle course. I know a friend,who had plenty of tact and usually managed well to settle with her friends. She found it easy even to deal with that most ubiquitous of interfering people, who suggest that other people who are not worth the effort, should do things to entertain. Miss X. says in Miss W.'s hearing: "Oh, Mrs. G., why don't you ask Miss. W to sing? She does quite well, you know. Besides she has been practising for years and will be so hurt, if not asked." Mrs. G., who knows quite well what to expect from Miss. W. ; "Oh, well, there is no time now. Perhaps Miss W. can sing later. She also looks so tired. Why don't you go and play bridge, Miss. W? Then, we can try later to fit in your singing."

Miss. W. goes off; but, when time and again such a thing happens to her, perhaps she will come to see for herself that she cannot sing; or perhaps, her enthusiasm will spend itself out in other and more desirable ways.

WORDLY-WISE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It sometimes happens that a perfect home is spoilt by little unpleasant details. I have been, for instance, to a wonderful dinner, well-served and well-cooked, in splendid company and felt completely at home and happy, as one so seldom does feel, in outside company; and behold everything has been spoilt by the noise and clamour made by the servants, after dinner was over. I know of ladies, who are afraid to check their servants, partly from fear that the latter will resent and leave service; partly because they think that it is the prerogative of servants to let themselves go, after well-done service. To both attitudes, one is inclined to reply: "There is a time for everything". A servant, when in service, must be quiet and noiseless ; and he must not indulge in loud talk and laughter with other servants. He can do the latter, when he has his free time in his own quarters. This is certainly due to the guests. It was very disconcerting the other day, for instance, to drop in suddenly at someone's house; and, having been asked to tea, to be treated to such an exhibition of noise and clanging of cups and plates etc., that it occurred to me that my presence was very unwelcome, to the servants at least!

"PADDY".

OUR COOKERY NOTES

(TRANSLATED).

A BUTTER-MILK PREPARATION.

There are 4 or 5 varieties of this. Here is one. The vegetables which can be used are (i) cucumbers (ii) unripe mangoes (iii) Ladies' fingers, (iv) Brinjals (v) Bananas and (vi) Yams.

Cut any one kind of these vegetables into pieces (neither too large nor too small); wash well with fresh water, put into a well-tinned vessel, which contains one-fourth (Madras) measure of water. Add a table-spoon of salt. Allow the mixture to boil, till the water is absorbed.

While the vegetables are being boiled, take 4 or 5 red chillies (this depends upon the individual taste of people), 3 or 4 green chillies, two tea-spoonfuls of husked bengal gram, one tea-spoonful of coriander and fry in a saucepan with a little ghee, till the bengal gram gets golden brown. Remove from the pan and grind with some cocoanut and a little water into a paste; then mix well with half-a-measure of cow's butter-milk. Pour this over the boiled vegetables. Allow the mixture to simmer slowly. When it begins to boil, remove the vessel from the oven. Care should be taken not to allow it to boil too much, in which case, the curds will turn watery, and the dish will be spoiled. In a separate pan, fry a small quantity of mustard and *vendium* in a little ghee, and pour over the mixture.

VERMICELLI PUDDING. Take ¼ lb of vermicelli. Put in a sauce pan, add some ghee and fry until golden-brown. Boil one Madras measure of milk in a separate vessel and put the fried vermicelli into it and boil well till the whole becomes semi-solid. While it is boiling, add one pound of sugar. A small quantity of powdered cardamom and camphor may be added. A little cashew-nut fried in ghee may also be added.

C. G. A.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

OUR HEALTH NOTES

DEFECTIVE VISION DUE TO EXCESSIVE USE OF COMMON SALT.

There is nothing more important than to end every meal with ripe fruit, not only for the food values of the fruit itself, but because the acid of the fruit inhibits the injurious effect on the teeth, of food that may have been taken during the rest of the meal. In this diet there is a sufficiency of vegetable salts, and there will not be a craving for common salt. Common salt taken into the system goes in as chloride of sodium and is excreted as chloride of sodium, the only effect being to thin the mucous membrane of the body and predispose to colds. The late Professor Lahmann. of Leipzig,

gives it as his opinion in his book, "Natural Hygiene," that the great amount of defective vision among civilized people of to-day is due to malnutrition through wrong diet, and to the excessive use of common salt.—*Good Health.*

THE PREVENTION OF PNEUMONIA.

Pneumonia may often be prevented by treating promptly and energetically any attack of bronchitis and grippe.

Pneumonia is easier to prevent than to cure. Notwithstanding the satisfactory results generally obtained by modern therapeutics, the mortality is still high, in spite of all our progress.

In a great number of cases, pneumonia is a sequel to bronchitis, to an attack of grippe or even to a slight infection of the upper respiratory tract. It has been demonstrated that it is difficult for the pneumoccocus to invade the normal bronchial and alveolar mucosae, but should resistance be weakened, following an attack of bronchitis or grippe, a pneumoccocus invasion may cause pneumonia.

By eliminating the congestion, by stimulating the superficial circulation, by favouring phagocytosis and by establishing a normal circulation in the bronchi and alveoli, the use of prolonged moist heat in the form of Antiphlogistine will assist in preventing the pneumonia which may follow an attack of bronchitis or grippe.

NEWS AND NOTES. √

INDIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Lady Irwin has issued the following appeal:

The All-India Women's Education Fund was founded in 1929 for the promotion of education among women and girls. I was elected the first President of the Association and a special committe was appointed at the first annual general meeting in 1930 to inquire into the various suggestions for carrying out the objects of the Association. This special committee met in August 1930 and it was decided at the annual meeting of the All-India Women's Education Fund Association in January 1931 that a Central College should be founded on the lines recommended in the report of the special committee.

The College is to be for all India and will be situated in Delhi. It will include:

I. Research work in educational methods.

2. Training in home science.

3. Training of teachers.

4. A school.

A sum of at least Rs. 12 lakhs, for the endowment of the Institute and an additional Rs. 1 lakh for initial equipment is required at present, making in all Rs. 13 lakhs.

I appeal with confidence to all those who realise the vital importance of education among women to support us and help us to achieve our purpose. It is my earnest desire that, before I leave India on April 18, I may know that a sufficient sum of money has been contributed to enable the College to be started.

Donations and subscriptions should be sent to any branch of the Imperial Bank of India in India or England, or to the Treasurer, Mr. G. Kaula, C.I.E., 2. York place, New Delhi.

(Sd.) DOROTHY IRWIN.

THE LATE PUNDIT MOTILAL

"A dominant personality has been removed from the field of Indian politics. Pundit Motilal Nehru was a great patriot and a great gentleman, uniting as he did the instinctive courtesy and kindliness of an essentially aristocratic nature with the accessibility, the capacity to gather adherents and the faculty of quick decision, which are the characteristics of a born leader of men. He was a notable figure in the legal profession before he resigned it for politics. He was an inimitable host and a warm-hearted friend. His work as Nationalist Leader in the Assembly has become part of the history of modern India and all his previous training helped to make him one of the finest party leaders that this country has produced."

"His loss at this juncture is well nigh irreparable. His gifts for negotiation were great and India today mourns the loss of one, whose part in the framing of the new constitution would undoubtedly have been dynamic and significant."

"The country has lost a most forceful personality. In his death, the country has sustained an irreparable national loss."

"One of India's most loved and trusted leaders has passed away. India has lost a patriot, a leader, and a friend. His spirit remains with us to inspire, his example to stimulate and guide."

"He was a force, a driving force, among the over-zealous Swarajists of those days. Just at a time when his wise and bold guidance is badly needed he has passed away. He was an autocrat with a democrat's heart. His autocracy was easily and willingly submitted to. His sacrifices have been many and he commanded universal esteem. and respect. India has suffered an irreparable loss."

MESSAGE TO INDIA'S WOMEN.

Begum Shah Nawaz, delegate to the Round Table Conference, who returned to-day to India, has given the following message to the women of India,—

"In the new India of the future, woman is going to have her proper place. We have tried for it and worked for it and we hope we have achieved that place for our sisters.

"Now I request all my countrymen and women to turn their thoughts towards their educational and social progress, so that along with political advance may come the educational and social progress of the nation. Political, social and educational progress must be achieved together, otherwise one without the other can never be crowned with success.

"I beg of my countrymen and women to take up the question of educational progress and social uplift with as much earnestness and zeal as they have shown towards political advance."

DECIDING FACTOR IN NATIONAL PROGRESS.

Mrs. Hensman delivered an address yesterday evening on, "Is Woman or Man the deciding factor in National Progress?"

In the course of her address she said that the superiority of man must be acknowledged in the field of scientific discovery, practical demonstration of professional skill, music, poetry and art, general knowledge, statemanship and athletics; but national progress does not depend on physical or mental achievement; no nation can be judged by books, or trophies, but by the characteristics of the individual, by the training given to each citizen to prepare him for service to the country; and the deciding factor in the child's life is home influence, and the influence of the home, for good or for evil depends more on the mother than the father.

In prisons and reformatories and certified schools, the woman visitor makes opportunities of showing friendliness, kindness and sympathy to inmates. Punishment alone does not reform, and mere discipline, cannot make honesty attractive. The woman shows the social outcaste that, so long as he remains defiant to law and order, he suffers, but by embracing the existing social code, he can acquire the full privileges of citizenship.

In the field of politics, woman has not been the deciding factor, for she has kept out of it, but with good women in the legislatures, the standard of Parliamentary life might be improved, for women will not deal with party politics, but seek to aid right-minded men and women in the betterment of the race, and bring forward reforms for society and for those who have not the public ear.

Finally, if the social structure of our country is to be reformed, it must be with the help of women rather than men. The evils of child marriage, of the dowry system, of enforced widowhood, of untouchability itself will disappear, as women get education, not only in literacy, but also in economic independence.

AN APPEAL.

The Hon'ble Emily Kinnaird writes:—

The late President of the Y. M. C. A., Mrs. Rushforth, is in London now and I have been able to talk over many things with her. She is very urgent on the Association taking up the following new department of work I found needed, while I was in India. In the last few years Nursing has become a very important profession for Indian girls and a better class is taking it up now. Some time ago they felt it was rather degrading to do menial work. The new situation is that the Governments of the different Provinces are starting Welfare Centres, Baby Clinics, Women's Wards in Municipal Hospitals; and the best people to take responsibility in such are the nurses from our Mission Hospitals. They are lured away by higher salaries and of course such posts give more responsibility than staying in a Hospital, but we are much distressed with the dangers to which Christian girls are exposed when they go to these towns and villages far from Mission or Church. The girls are young, have had careful training and watching under the Missionary teachers and doctors and often are hardly fit to face temptations. We want to put on some travelling secretaries especially for this work, who will gather the girls together for Camps and Week-ends, see that they are properly lodged, and through fellowship try and keep the Christians in touch with the Y. M. C. A. I have an ex-secretary in mind if I can get enough money to send her out, who having had ten years experience in different places would be admirable for this work. We want if possible to have an Indian, so I am of course in communication with the National Office about this. Canon Davies, one of the College delegation now in India, gave me £25, because he felt this was so important, and I am trying to collect more. Naturally Indian National Finance cannot neglect other work in order to do this.

A very important part of a Nurse's work in the villages is to teach and try to train the "dais" in cleanliness and understaning. This needs the up-to-date teaching and practice they have had in our Mission Hospitals. Also every year a number of educated girls go to the Lady Reading Trading Centre in Delhi and there is Christian work to be done there. The girls are independent, perhaps for the first time in contact with a City, and with non-

Christians. There is also a group of Nurses in Delhi doing Welfare work. How can one Secretary in Delhi give time to all this?

2. The same need of Y. W. C. A. Secretaries holds good for Teachers who are *now* being sent to mofussil villages, to Hindu and Mohammedan schools; and many Christian inspectresses spoke to me of their anxiety in sending them; but it is only *trained* teachers who can organise a proper school.

DR. MUTHULAKSHMI AS LEGISLATOR.

Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi has written an account of her work in the Madras Legislative Council of which she was elected Vice-President. It is a record of which she can well be proud. In the short period of three years she was able to do much for the cause of women and children which she has at heart. The education of poor girls, questions of social hygiene, the dedication of women, Temperance and other social questions, engaged her attention and in her quiet, modest way she did much to enlist the sympathy and support of her colleagues in these subjects. The Act for the abolition of the Devadasi system is a standing monument of her work in the Legislature. Dr. Muthulakshmi pays a high tribute to the help rendered to her by the men who were members of the Council. She contrasts the attitude of Englishmen to the women's franchise movement in their country, with that of Indians here, and adds: "Not only the Indian men themselves initiated the many reforms for the women's uplift in this country, but also at every new step we took in public life, they continued to give their full support, sympathy and co-operation. Indian women are really fortunate in that respect. When India secures self-Government, there is not the least doubt that Indian women would very soon get rid of all their disabilities such as the custom of early-marriage, purdah, unequal marriage laws, unjust inheritance laws etc., customs introduced into the Hindu Society during the turbulent period of Indian history for the safety and protection of its women, but still allowed to exist through the ignorance and illiteracy of the masses and the neutrality of the Government towards social evils."

THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER.

WORKLESS WOMEN.

There are considerably more than half-a-million women unemployed—roughly about a quarter of the total unemployed in Great Britain. The money expended by the Government's Unemployment Grants Committee is issued to give direct employment to men only. Workless women are recommended to "Wait and pray," until men have found jobs, in the hope that these women may then indirectly find work.

We maintain that the unemployed women citizens of the country have as much right as unemployed men to be considered by the Government.

Why cannot the Government aid the local governing authorities to include a system of trained Home Helpers in their local Maternity services? Besides giving employment to women, such a system would be of the greatest assistance to poor working mothers. Local authorities might also run training centres, with hostels and employment bureaux attached, for daily domestic helpers. These, when trained, could continue to live at the hostel, and take morning, afternoon, or evening engagements at fees decided upon by the employment bureau. This also would be a great boon to many households.

The Government, in cooperation with the Dominions, could assist women to go out as settlers overseas. Not, however, as domestic helpers only, but as settlers who could eventually acquire land on the same terms as men settlers.

Provision might slso be made in any land scheme put forward by the Government for women to take up small holdings, or small farms, and to employ other wmen on them. If a number of these were situated in the same district, the cost of running them, and of the machinerv required by them, could be considerably reduced.

The Government might also see that,in any electricitv or engineering undertaking aided by the Unemployed Grants Committee, definite provision should be made for the employment of a certain proportion of women.

We ask the Government, while subsidising employment for men, to do the same for women. At present it continues only to subsidise unemployment for women.

FUTURE STATUS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

A strong plea for recognition of the status of Indian women in the future constitution of India was set forth in a memorandum submitted to the Round Table Conference.

The memorandum is signed by Sir Philip Hartog, Viscountess Astor, Lady Cynthia Mosley, Lady Hartog, Lady Layton, Mrs. Corbett Ashbey, Miss A. R, Caton, Miss Megan Lloyd George, M. P., the Rev. R, M. Gray, Mrs. Eva M. Hubback, Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadasa, Miss E. Picton-Turbervill, M. P., Miss E. F. Rathbone M. P., Mr. J. A. Richey and Mrs. J. M. Richey.

The memorandum states that nearly every recent Commission or Committee which has studied social conditions in India has stressed the urgency of women's needs in matters of education, of health and of relief from certain oppressive social customs.

The Indian women's movement may be relatively small, but its influence extends far beyond its numbers and it may yet justify the prophecy made about it by the Simon Commission, that "the women's movement in India holds the key of progress and the results it may achieve are incalculably great."

In view of all this, the memorandum states it is a gesture of high but lamentable significance that the sole passage of the government of India's Dispatch which concerns itself specially with women is devoted to belitling the need for any special measures to make their citizenship more effective. The result can only be to discourage the more ardent spirits among Indian women, many of whom have already joined the Congress Party.

UNEMPLOYED WOMEN IN ENGLAND

As one method of dealing with some of the half million women now on the Employment Exchange Registers, Miss Margaret Bondfield is devising a new scheme to get rid of servant shortage. She proposes to establish in London the first of what may soon be a series of official centres for training young women first themselves to acquire a liking for domestic service. Potential parlour-maids, house-maids, cooks and "generals" will live in a hostel for some ten weeks under the care of a qualified Superintendent and staff, who teach them cooking, laundry, needlework, in addition to general household work. The students will receive free travelling expenses from their homes and an allowance of halfcrown a week, and when the course is finished, are helped to find situations. It is hoped shortly afterwards to open another centre in Lancashire, where the plight of unemployed mill-girls is a problem, as they at present show a strong dislike to domestic service. - *The Madras Mail*

WOMEN CHAPLAINS FOR WOMEN'S PRISONS (GERMAN)

Women chaplains are now being appointed to administer to women in German prisons. They receive special training for their work and have proved so successful that it is hoped the innovation will be adopted throughout the world.

In Prussia, a woman theologian is given the title of Vikarin. Her training takes three or four years at a university possessing a theological faculty and two year's practical training in social and educational work, and is identical with the training of men theologians.

In the province of Hamburg, a woman theologian has been fully ordained as "Geistliche" for the women's prison. The secular government, who recognised the value of her work, were partially responsible for her present appointment.—*Stri-Dharma*

WIPING OUT PURDAH

The activities of the Saroj Nalini Dutt Memorial Association, an institution for the welfare of women in Bengal, were reviewed at the annual meeting of the Association at the Albert Hall, Calcutta. H. H. the Dowager Maharani of Mourbhanj presided.

"The most significant feature of the year's activities", said the report, "is the democratic and notional character achieved by the movement and the spontaneous ardour with which men and women of all classes, irrespective of caste, religion or political creed, have identified themselves with the movement and helped to extend its activities throughout the province. *The Samitis have made the life of women in the villages happier, more hopeful and more useful than it was without them six year ago*".

"It is a noteworthy fact", continued the report, "that as a result of discussion in the Samities the *purdah* system has been totally wiped out from some of the villages.

"A systematic campaign is being carried on by the Samitis to enlighten village women in modern ideas on sanitation, hygiene and public health."

The Hon., the Raja of Santosh, said that there could be no other work more ennobling and more useful than that in which the Association was engaged. If they wanted to do anything in this world either in the way of political or social advancement, it was absolutely necessary that they should do all in their power to carry the women along with them.

Mrs. Urquhart suggested that a greater effort should be made to introduce into the schools, where girls and women learnt handicrafts, more indigenous designs and colour, and that the needs of the people should be carefully studied by the organizers, so that the schools might turn out articles for which there was a ready market.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S APPEAL.

"In a settlement of this character, it is not possible nor wise to say which is the victorious party. If there is any victory, I should say it belongs to both. The Congress has never made any bid for victory. In the very nature of things, the Congress has a definite goal to reach and there can be no question of victory without reaching the goal. I would therefore urge all my countrymen and all my sisters, instead of feeling elated, if they find in the terms any cause for elation, to humble themselves before God and ask Him to give them strength and wisdom to pursue the course that their mission demands for the time being, whether it is by way of suffering or by way of patient negotiation, consultation and conference.

"I hope, therefore, that the millions, who have taken part in the struggle and suffering during the past twelve months, will now, during the period of conference and construction, show the same unanimity, the same cohesion, the same effort and the same wisdom that they have in an eminent degree shown during what I would describe as the heroic period in the modern history of India.

"Such a settlement has necessarily to be provisional. The peace arrived at is conditional upon many other things happening. But the goal of the Congress is not to get redress of past wrongs, important through they are. Its goal is *purna swaraj*, which, indifferently rendered in English, has been described as complete independence. It is India's birthright, as it is of any nation worthy of that name, and India cannot be satisfied with anything less. Federation may be a mirage, or it may mean a vital organic stage, in which two limbs might work so as to strengthen the whole.

"Responsibility, which is the second girder, may be a mere shadow, or it may be a tall majestic, unbending and unbendable oak. Safeguards in the interests of India may be purely illusory and so many ropes tying the country hand and foot and strangling her by the neck. And they may, like so many fences, protect a tender plant requiring delicate care and attention. If the Congress has shown readiness to take part in the deliberations of the Conference, it is because it seeks to make federation responsible, and safeguards, reservations, or whatever other name they may be known by, such as would promote the real growth of the country along political, social, economic and moral lines. If the Congress succeeds in making this position acceptable to the Conference, then I claim that the fruit of that effort will be complete independence.

"But I know the way to it is weary. There are many rocks, many pitfalls, to be found across the way. But if Congress men will approach the new task to which they are called with complete confidence and courage, I have no misgiving about the result.

"It is therefore in their hands either to make something noble and worth looking at out of the new opportunity that has come, or, by lack of self-confidence and want of courage, to fritter away the opportunity.

"But I know that Congress men will require the aid of other parties, the aid of the great Princes of India and last, but by no means least, the aid of Englishmen.

"I owe a word to hundred, if not thousands, of my erstwhile fellow-prisoners, on whose behalf I have been receiving wires and who will still be languishing in jails when the satyagrahi prisoners who were charged during the past twelve months, will be discharged. I trust they will realise that I could not in justice ask for their discharge. But that does not mean I or the members of the

Working Committee have not them in mind. If the people in general will clothe the Congress with that power and prestige, I promise that it will not be long before every one of these prisoners, political prisoners, is discharged, including the detenus and the Meerut prisoners and the rest.

There is no doubt a small but active organisation in India, which would secure India's liberty through violent action. I appeal to that organisation, as I have done before, to desist from their activities if not yet out of conviction, then out of expediency. They have perhaps somewhat realised what a great power non-violence has. I want them to be patient and give the Congress, or if they will give me, a chance to work out the plan of truth and non-violence. After all it is hardly yet a full year since the Dandi march. One year in the life of an experiment affecting three hundred million human being is but a second in the cycle of time. Let them wait yet awhile.

"But I want to raise no false hopes. I can only state publicly what is my own and the Congress aspirations. It is for us to make the effort. The result is always in God's hand.

"One personal note and I have done. I believe that I put my whole soul into the effort to secure an honourable settlement. I have pledged my word to Lord Irwin that, in making good the terms of the settlement in so far as they bind the Congress, I should devote myself heart and soul to the task. I asked for the settlement not in order to break it to pieces at the very first opportunity, but in order to strain every nerve to make absolutely final what today is provisional and to make it a precursor of the goal, to attain which the Congress exists.

"Lastly I tender my thanks to all those who have been unceasing in their efforts to help in making the settlement possible."

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